

Producer: Arthur Sarkissian
Co-Producer: Ralph Singleton
Associate Producer: Paula Heller

Director: Walter Hill

" LAST MAN STANDING "

(GUNDOWN!)

Screenplay
by
Walter Hill

From a story by:

Ryuzo Kikushima

and

Akira Kurosawa

The motions of Grace, the hardness of the heart; external
circumstances.

Pascal, Pensee 507

SHOOTING DRAFT

FIRST DRAFT 7/28/95
REVISED DRAFT 8/14/95
REVISED DRAFT 8/28/95

GUNDOWN!

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. OPEN DESERT - TEXAS - 1931 - DAY 1
Harsh, rough country. Brutal midday heat.
- 2 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DESERT - TEXAS - DAY 2
A BLACK FORD ROADSTER drives across the vast horizon - dust plumes trailing behind...
- 3 INT. FORD ROADSTER - DESERT - TEXAS - DAY 3
THE MAN BEHIND THE WHEEL -- mid-thirties, dark suit, white shirt, tie pulled loose... Hasn't shaved in a couple of days. As he drives, he unscrews the top of a nearly empty HALF-PINT, takes a hit... Even though we will never know his real name, let's call him SMITH - because that's what he'll choose to call himself: Smith has a fresh haircut, very close on the sides, long on top -- the kind they give you in prison.
- 4 EXT. OPEN DESERT - CROSSROADS - DAY 4
A fork in the road, unmarked by any directional signs -- Smith's car approaches, stops. He gets out, surveys the choice of the two directions, and the seemingly endless horizon of blazingly hot desert. Smith chugs the remaining two inches of his half-pint -- places it down on the baked sandy-dirt road and gives it a spin.
- 5 CLOSE - BOTTLE 5
The neck points off to the road on the right -- CRUNCH! as the front tire from Smith's car smashes the bottle; CAMERA RISES to reveal Smith's car moving off, trailing a cloud of dust - he has taken the crossroad branch to the right.
- 6 EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - OPEN DESERT - TEXAS - DAY 6
The WIND BLOWS dust and tumbleweeds across the landscape -- Smith pulls in, gets out of the Ford. The old church stands in a lonely place -- one dead tree, nothing else on the horizon -- a cemetery off to one side, crosses and headstones in disrepair. Smith, carrying a CANVAS BAG, walks to A HAND PUMP near a well that sits thirty yards in front of the building -- pumps the handle several times. Beyond him, one of the weathered double-doors of the church rests open, almost broken from its hinges...

7 INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - DAY

7

Only a few dusty pews sit upright. Half the roof gone. Several small CANDLES illuminate the pulpit on which rests a small PHOTOGRAPH - a child - a girl of about six, with expressive dark eyes -- above the altar, a wooden cross, bearing the time-battered figure of Jesus.

A delicate HAND enters the frame -- lights another candle... PULL BACK TO REVEAL a woman -- WE MOVE IN CLOSER to see her face -- a beautiful YAQUI/ANGLO: this is FELINA; she's about 25, not simply a beauty, something haunting about her chiseled features -- Around her neck, a simple SILVER CROSS with an offset turquoise stone -- She crosses herself, then gently takes the photograph; places it and an OCHER ROSARY into her pocket.

Felina rises and moves near the front doors; picks up a small, crudely built WOODEN LOOM -- yards of silk angled and threaded through the frame -- a tightly woven fabric in progress. Felina sits; begins working - the CLACK-CLACK-CLACK of the loom...

8 EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - SMITH - DAY

8

The water gushes from the pump into the canvas bag. The WIND continues... Smith returns to his car, pours water in the radiator of his Ford from the canvas bag -- The wind shifts as he caps the radiator; now he can faintly hear the loom's rhythmic SOUND --

9 EXT./INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - OPEN DOOR - DAY

9

Smith appears in the doorway -- halts as he sees Felina -- Sensing his presence, she turns from the loom and looks at him with the biggest, darkest eyes in the world... A moment... Smith is struck by her beauty, puzzled by her reticence -- she seems almost damaged... Smith gestures to Felina with the canvas bag -- she shakes her head 'no'.

SMITH

You out here alone --

FELINA

(strong accent)

The men will come for me.

SMITH

Which way's the closest town?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

FELINA

Better don't go there --

(then in Spanish)

Everyone in the town wants to get money
the easy way -- you will only get killed
for your trouble.

Felina goes back to working the loom -- Smith stares at her
for a moment... turns and heads back to his car --

10 EXT. JERICHO - TEXAS - DAY

10

A five street town of wooden buildings, boardwalks and
unpaved streets. A few parked automobiles. The WIND
continues to blow -- a few tumbleweeds roll across the dirt
street; dust rises in circles --

11 INT. FORD - SMITH

11

As he enters the town, looking out through the windshield at
the uniformly weathered buildings, most of them unpainted --
a few LOITERING THUGS on porches -- suddenly he brakes as
HE SEES...

12 SMITH'S P.O.V. - FUNERAL PARLOR

12

Visible thru the front window, an UNDERTAKER is setting a
coffin on display - upright... then pulls the coffin lid
open -- A DEAD MAN...

13 INT. FORD - CLOSE ON SMITH

13

What the hell kind of town is this Jericho? After a moment
he starts to pull the car forward --

14 EXT. MAIN STREET - JERICHO - DAY

14

As Smith comes around a corner -- EIGHT THUGS, dressed in
dark suits, appear -- they block, then surround Smith's car.
FINN leans close thru Smith's open window --

FINN

What brings you to Jericho, friend?

SMITH .

Just lookin' for a place to spend the
night.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

FINN

Really? I've got some advice for you --
keep movin' --

SMITH

Thought it was a free country --

FINN

(looking back at the Thugs)
Jacko! This guy thinks it's a free
country --

JACKO THE GIANT, huge and brutal, advances -- AN ENORMOUS
FIST goes CRASH! thru the windshield.

FINN

Now you're free to go, okay?

SMITH

I still need a place for the night.

FINN

Donnie! Now he says he's staying.
Wanta help him out?

15 EXT. MAIN STREET - JERICHO - DAY

15

DONNIE, small and wiry, steps forward -- CLICK! A POCKET
KNIFE snaps open -- PFFFT! stabs Smith's left front tire...

FINN

Sheriff's office is right over there, in
case you wanta complain about anything --

The Thugs grin like idiots, then walk away. As Finn follows,
he pauses to swing his foot into -- CRASH! A headlight --
Smith gets out -- looks at his wounded auto -- After a
stoical moment, Smith reaches back into his car, grabs a
small leather VALISE, then walks down the boardwalk toward
the Sheriff's office...

16 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - JERICHO - DAY

16

A one-room office with two cells in a back area. As Smith
enters, SHERIFF ED GALT has his feet up on the desk, reading
a newspaper. He's about fifty, fox-like features on a long,
lean frame...

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

GALT

I was watchin' through the window --
And I ain't gonna do a damn thing about
it. You can just put your spare on and
keep drivin'. Ain't that right, Bob?

Galt glances over at his DEPUTY, BOB FRENCH... The Deputy's
a no-nonsense type, about forty -- he never speaks.

GALT

Old Bob don't say much --

Galt turns a page of his newspaper, continues to read. After
an awkward moment, Smith turns to go --

GALT

Hold on -- We don't get a lot of people
drivin' through. You here for employment?

SMITH

Right now I'd just like to get my car
fixed.

GALT

That's your present condition -- Fillin'
station's operational -- You got plans
after that?

SMITH

(shrug)

Just seein' the sights...

GALT

Is that a fact?

(to Bob)

What do you think, Bob? Do we believe
him? Or did he come here to work for
Rossi...? I guess it ain't likely he'd
work for Doyle since they're the ones
that busted up his car --

(back to Smith)

Either way, my bet is you're here
because you wanna make some money --

Galt starts to chew on a matchstick --

GALT

Yessir - Everybody here's makin' good
money - workin' for one side or the
other. Ain't that right, Bob?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

A big smile produces no visible reaction from Deputy Bob -- Galt goes back to his newspaper as Smith walks out.

17 INT. RED BIRD - JERICHO - DAY

17

The Red Bird has the classic Western Saloon look, minus the bat-wing entrance. Big double doors with glass inlays have replaced that tradition, seemingly the only concession to the twentieth century.

Smith enters -- OLD JOE MONDAY looks up from polishing glasses behind the bar -- did he just spit-shine one? His face, lined and weathered by the Texas wind and sun, is deceiving -- he's at least sixty, could be eighty. Most folks find Joe to be half-crazy, since much of what he says seems more to himself than anyone in proximity. More than likely, he is simply speaking the truth via his vision of the world -- which is slightly impaired by the loss of his right eye, now filled with a glass replacement.

JOE

First customer I seen all week...
Whiskey or Beer?

SMITH

What happened to prohibition?

JOE

Don't celebrate it much 'round here --

Smith walks to the bar, lays the valise on the counter top.

JOE

I'll pour ya one, feed ya, then you kin
git the hell on outta here.

(quick smile)

I saw you drive in -- where ya from?

No answer. As Joe ladles out a bowl of chili, he looks back at Smith, sees that he has moved across the way to a framed pistol displayed on the wall -- a COLT .44 DRAGOON.

JOE

My daddy's -- .44 Dragoon.

Joe scoops up some crackers for the chili. Smith continues looking around the room.

JOE

He won this place playin' poker --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

He puts the chili and a beer on the bar top.

SMITH

When I drove in, I saw a dead man in a window --

JOE

Frank Wolcott -- I got to go pay my respects now I know he's up fer viewin'.

SMITH

You got a phone around here?

JOE

Who you callin'?

SMITH

My mother.

Joe cackles as he reaches back, pulls a towel away from where it's been resting on A WALL PHONE -- obscuring it from view.

JOE

Sure we got phones. But they ain't workin' 'cuz you gotta have a switchboard operator to run 'em. We had us one, but she up'n quit -- And we got us a telegraph with no operator. That feller's been gone more'n a month.

Smith heads over to the front window. Joe moves out from behind the bar to follow...

SMITH

How about electricity?

JOE

Yup. Got that. Runs on gas generators. Hopin' that stays workin'. Nobody left to fix it if it goes bust... Ain't much left here but a ghost town.

18 EXT. STREET - THRU WINDOW - P.O.V. FROM RED BIRD

18

Smith's view down the street -- sees SEVERAL MEN near the Hotel Alamo -- They're loading a TRUCK...

JOE (O.S.)

Them's Doyle's boys -- same one's as messed up your automobile --

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

SMITH (O.S.)
Who's Rossi?

19 CLOSE - SMITH - JOE

19

Their faces distorted thru the rippled glass.

JOE
That's the other gang here -- The Rossi
brothers...

Joe removes a soiled KERCHIEF from his back pocket, wipes a
smudge on the window, makes it worse.

JOE
Both gangs took over this town -- drove
out all the regular folks -- bootleggers
-- ya got the Rossis at the Sweetwater
and Doyle's bunch down at the Alamo.

20 COUNTER TOP - BAR - SMITH'S VALISE

20

The snaps are popped open; Smith's hands pull out TWO .45
AUTOS and a HOLSTER RIG. CAMERA TILTS UP as Smith pulls off
his coat and begins to strap on the leather...

Joe still at the window, rambles on --

JOE
They leave me be 'cuz I stay to
myself -- they think I'm crazy...
(turns, sees Smith)
What'n hell're you doing?

SMITH
I gotta see the fellas that wrecked my
car. I think I better have a talk with
them.

21 EXT. JERICHO - CITY STREET - SWEETWATER HOTEL - DAY

21

Smith walks alone, moves with a resolute sense of purpose --
enters the old Hotel -- A three-story wooden building...

22 INT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

22

Otherwise empty, but for FOUR THUGS playing cards; they
look up as Smith enters...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

SMITH

You can give Mr. Rossi a message -- I
might be for hire -- I'll show you what
I can do --

He turns and goes --

23 INT. HOTEL ALAMO - JERICHO - DAY

23

The lobby is empty save for FINN standing near the beautiful
Yaqui/Anglo woman seated across the way. Again this is
FELINA. She looks up as Smith enters -- They share a glance.
In a room beyond, visible through glass doors, several more
of Doyle's THUGS are playing pool. As they see Smith enter,
they momentarily turn to watch -- Felina, eyes fearful,
stands and moves up the stairs.

FINN

You're way outta line lookin' at Mr.
Doyle's girl that way.

SMITH

I came here to see you --

FINN

Yeah? Get that car of yours fixed yet?

SMITH

I'm runnin' a little short on cash -- I
thought maybe you might want to help pay
for the damage.

The other Thugs still visible through the glass door --

SMITH

I did what you told me - went to see the
Sheriff. He told me to settle it myself.

FINN

Isn't that good advice? Except you got
to back it up -- Guess you'll have to
kill me.

SMITH

It'll hurt if I do.

Smith flips aside his coat lapel, the .45 AUTOS in double
holster rig now visible -- Smith sees Finn go for his gun but
he's quicker. BAM!BAM!BAM!BAM! Finn goes down...

24

SMITH

24

Points his big AUTOS at the glass doors - BLOWS THEM APART with a volley as the pool-playing Thugs duck for cover.

SMITH

You guys tell Doyle none of this woulda happened if he hired smarter help.

GALT (O.S.)

Looks to me like somebody's been murdered here --

Smith turns, sees SHERIFF ED GALT smiling at him. DEPUTY BOB FRENCH holds a shotgun trained on Smith's middle --

GALT

Well fella, seems you're under arrest.

25

INT. JAIL CELL - JERICHO - DAY

25

Smith seated on the cot, looking out through the bars. The two cells are situated at the rear of Galt's office, separated by a heavy door. Galt appears, followed by Deputy Bob; he moves to the cell holding a key -- Two Thugs are visible standing in the outer office. They are Rossi's men, ROCA and BERTO.

GALT

You got a couple of benefactors...

(no response)

I was wonderin' who you really are, comin' into this little town -- puttin' on a show like that.

(no response)

You don't look like just some drifter... Maybe you're some big shot torpedo from back East, probably hot with the feds, on the run, headin' for Mexico. How my doin'?

SMITH

You got it all wrong -- Nobody ever called me a big shot.

Galt sees he's going to get nowhere --

GALT

This is your lucky day, smart guy. Your self-defense story seems to hold up.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

GALT (cont'd)
 (turns the key)
 Looks like I got no reason to hang onto you.
 (swings the door open)
 Other than a five hundred dollar fine for disturbin' the peace. Which has been kindly paid for you by your new friends out there.
 (smile)
 I think they work for Mr. Rossi. You might want to go see him, just to say thank you.

SMITH
 I get my possessions back?

GALT
 Sure. No problem. Hate to have you be the only man in town without a firearm.

26 EXT. STREET - SMITH'S P.O.V. - THRU WINDOW - JERICHO - DAY 26

A BLACK HEARSE is visible in front of the Funeral Parlor down the way. As A COFFIN is hauled out and loaded onto the hearse, JACKO THE GIANT and DONNIE, very Mutt and Jeff, carry a stretcher bearing the dead FINN, covered by a blood-stained sheet -- leading them is MCCOOL -- Doyle's Chief Lieutenant.

ROSSI (O.S.)
 Out with the old; in with the new.
 Funny deal they got in these podunk towns -- payin' respects thru a window before they plant 'em in the cemetery --

27 INT. PARLOR - OFFICE - UPSTAIRS - SMITH 27

Smith turns; he has been joined at a window by FREDO ROSSI: he's about forty-five; suave, balding, used to giving orders.

SMITH
 How much you plan on payin' me?

ROSSI
 Two hundred a month.

Smith turns to leave --

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

SMITH

I think I'll talk to Doyle -- he might pay more --

ROSSI

For killing one of his men? I don't think so -- Okay, three hundred...

Smith turns back -- Rossi's Thugs, ROCA and BERTO, aren't liking this negotiation --

SMITH

You'll have to do a lot better.

Rossi crosses to a table; pulls MONEY from a MANILA ENVELOPE.

ROSSI

Money is not gonna be a problem.

SMITH

And I need need a place to stay --

ROSSI

This is a hotel for Christ's sake --

Rossi SNAPS his fingers at a nodding UGLY THUG --

ROSSI

You. The Sleep King. Do something useful -- go get Lucy.

The Ugly Thug quickly jumps up and exits --

ROSSI

Now, you listen to me and you listen real good. I'm educating you - that's valuable... What we got here is a kind of situation nobody's real happy about... It's all about booze. Not the rot gut, but the good imported stuff. Gets smuggled through here from Mexico. We want to buy all of it we can get our hands on. Our side is part of a family operation outta Chicago. By an unfortunate coincidence, Mr. Doyle is also from Chicago; he works for a bunch a micks on the South Side -- And since both our bosses back home want every drop that comes across the border, what
(more)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (2)

27

ROSSI (cont'd)
we got here is close to a civil war...
Except for right now we got a truce --
(hands some money to Smith)
My guess is the truce ain't gonna last.
Especially after Hickey gets back.

SMITH
Who's Hickey?

ROSSI
He's a real sweetheart. Doyle's right
hand -- but don't ask questions. You
just listen with real big ears.
(smile)
You got a name?

SMITH
Smith.

ROSSI
What's your first name?

SMITH
John.

ROSSI
(smile)
Smith. Smith comma John -- Right -- You
must have something to live down. You
on the run?

Smith shrugs, smiles.

ROSSI
Where you from, Mr. Smith?

SMITH
Back East --

The Ugly Thug returns, followed by a BLONDE WOMAN of twenty-five. Very sexy -- LUCY KOLINSKI...

LUCY
I heard you wanted to see me...

ROSSI
What'sa matter? Did I interrupt
something important?

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (3)

27

LUCY

I was doin' my nails.

She becomes aware of Smith -- turns to stare at him.

ROSSI

This is Lucy. Nice girl, pretty girl,
but a real smart-mouth. Except right
now, she's gonna keep it shut and make
herself friendly - take you to your room.

Smith picks up his traveling valise -- looks at Rossi --

SMITH

Five hundred in advance. That's half.

Rossi glares at Smith a moment -- hands him a few more bills.

ROSSI

A grand... with room and board. Hell of
a deal -- I hope you're worth it.

28

INT. HALLWAY - SWEETWATER HOTEL - DAY

28

SMITH follows LUCY up the stairwell, she stops at a door
just off the landing.

29

INT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - SMITH'S ROOM - DAY

29

Lucy opens the door to show Smith the room...

LUCY

Bathroom's down the hall.

Smith enters. He throws his valise on the bed, unsnaps it,
begins to unpack.

LUCY

Try to hold it down up here, okay? My
room's right underneath.

SMITH

Sure. I promise not to jump up and down
on the bed unless I need some
exercise -- Where you from, Lucy?

LUCY

Gee, you figured out I'm not local? --
Cicero.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

SMITH

Long way from home... for a girl on her own.

LUCY

I get by -- they brought me here for morale.

SMITH

You look like you could cheer a few people up -- you could probably even get a smile out of me.

LUCY

Maybe you didn't get the picture -- I'm with Rossi.

SMITH

I guess he likes to take chances, you showing me to my room --

LUCY

He likes to test me. He's the jealous type.

Lucy walks out and SLAMS the door. Smith stops unpacking his valise, goes to the window -- he looks below...

30 EXT. STREET - JERICHO - SMITH'S P.O.V.

30

Doyle's convertible drives by, top down. One of Doyle's Thugs drives, two more in the back seat. FELINA in the front passenger seat -- almost by instinct she looks up as the car passes the Sweetwater Hotel. Again her eyes meet Smith's. The convertible keeps going, heading out of town.

31 INT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

31

CAMERA PANS the area -- loitering THUGS -- card players...

LOUD VOICE

What the hell you think you're doing?
He kills one of Doyle's guys and you hire him?! What's that look like to Doyle? How's that look in keepin' a truce? You're tippin' Doyle off!
Plus -- Who the hell is this guy?

Rossi's younger brother GORGIO speaks with a rough, agitated voice -- He's about 30; Coal black hair, slicked back; good

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

looking - but something weak behind the eyes.

GORGIO

We don't even know him -- he's a nobody -- and you give him five hundred dollars?! How do we know he won't just run off with the money?

ROSSI

Because he plans on makin' a lot more of it -- Doyle's guys are scared of him right now -- Christ, he killed one of 'em in the first twenty minutes he got to town -- We want him on our side...

32 INT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

32

Smith opens his door, looks out --

GORGIO (O.S.)

Bull shit. We don't need him. We don't need problems. We got a lot goin' on right now, this could mess up everything we got goin' in Mexico.

Smith goes back in his room, leaving the door ajar --

ROSSI (O.S.)

I'm tellin' ya, you let me handle this --

Smith emerges, valise in hand, heads for the stairs --

33 INT. LOBBY/FIRST FLOOR STAIRWELL - INTERCUT

33

Rossi enters a side room, calls back to Gorgio --

ROSSI

Doyle isn't gonna do a god damn thing with Hickey out of town. Only thing that cockroach might try is to hire this guy for himself. He don't care a damn about his men.

Smith eases down the stairs from the second floor, stops at the first floor landing --

ROSSI

He's a lousy mick with a chip of ice in his heart.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

Smith turns to the SOUND of a door opening -- LUCY sticks her head out, sees Smith, then looks toward the voices below --

ROSSI

Now listen to me -- I'm telling you, I don't want this guy on the other side, workin' for Doyle. Don't you get it? We need him -- We got nobody, you included, that can stand up to Hickey.

Smith looks again at Lucy, sticks out his tongue. She SLAMS the door.

ROSSI

I don't want to hear anymore about it, Gorgio. You're down here to learn from me -- so I'm tellin' you -- keep your mouth shut... You got that?

As Rossi SLAMS his door, a moment as Gorgio stands there --

SMITH'S VOICE

You got a problem with me, Gorgio?

CAMERA TILTS UP to show SMITH on the stairwell.

GORGIO

You're the new guy? Listen, I don't like eavesdroppers --

SMITH

I don't either, Gorgio. Not very polite, is it?

GORGIO

I like to know the people we got on payroll - I was wonderin' what your real name is - who you been workin' with and where. Since we're payin' you such good money we figure we got a right to know.

SMITH

I didn't bring any letters of recommendation.

Moves down the stairs, then close to Gorgio.

SMITH

You got a problem with me, you better talk it over with your brother --

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

Smith walks out the door -- Gorgio stands alone with his thoughts.

34 EXT. STREET - BOARDWALK - JERICHO - DAY

34

As Smith passes the Funeral Parlor, he sees FINN now being put on display by the Undertaker. The Undertaker smiles, tips his hat at Smith who hesitates, then moves on --

35 INT. RED BIRD - THRU GLASS DOORS - DAY

35

Smith walks in, still carrying his valise -- OLD JOE MONDAY is having a ham sandwich and a beer. DEPUTY BOB FRENCH is seated across the way, having a belt, reading the paper.

JOE

I thought you was in jail.

SMITH

Rossi paid to get me out.

JOE

Last time I saw ya, you was gonna talk to some fellas. Next thing I hear, one of 'em's dead.

SMITH

Yeah. The conversation kinda went downhill...

JOE

You workin' for that Rossi bum?

SMITH

It's a job -- I'm not real particular.

JOE

(shrugs)

In the old days -- they woulda all been run outta town or hanged. You too --

Joe picks up his plate and bottle, takes them to the sink behind the bar.

SMITH

I can make good money knocking off a few guys in this town -- seems to me most've 'em are better off dead --

Smith looks over at the Deputy, still engrossed in his paper.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

JOE

Sheriff sent him over here to spy on you.

Deputy Bob looks up without moving, then back to his paper --

SMITH

I need a room. You got anything to rent?

Joe pours him a whiskey.

JOE

There's a room upstairs. Tell you the truth, I can use the money. Got a name?

SMITH

Smith.

JOE

That's catchy. Mine's Joe --

Smith puts several greenbacks down on the bar top.

SMITH

Okay, Joe -- Tell me when I've used that up, I'll give you some more.

He belts the whiskey, starts for the stairs. Stops --

SMITH

They got girls for hire around here?

JOE

Hell yes. Yer in West Texas --

(drinks)

'Round the corner. Third place on the left --

Smith moves up the stairs.

36 EXT. BROTHEL - JERICHO - NIGHT

36

Lights on both upstairs and down, the SOUND of a scratchy Victrola - Jazz. A HARD RAIN is falling.

37 INT. TOURING CAR - NIGHT

37

DOYLE and MCCOOL sit looking at the brothel through the rain splattered windshield. Another man, DANNY BOY, is in the back seat. MCCOOL is behind the wheel -- the men wear snap-brim hats, overcoats.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MCCOOL
(looks at his watch)
He's been in there fifteen minutes --

A SHERIFF CAR pulls up across the way, barely visible through the downpour.

DOYLE
How much is this going to cost us?

MCCOOL
Couple of hundred.

They stare at the Sheriff's car through the rain.

DOYLE
Sheriff's got the best deal in town. He gets our money, he gets Rossi's money...

38 INT. SHERIFF CAR - GALT - DEPUTY BOB

38

SHERIFF ED GALT smiles across at Doyle. Tips his hat.

39 INT. WHORE'S CRIB - UPSTAIRS - BROTHEL - NIGHT

39

Smith is in bed, under the covers, sitting propped up on the pillows -- he drinks a beer. WANDA, a prostitute wearing a thin chemise, is in the last stages of preparation for her work -- a little powdering and primping before the mirror.

WANDA
You remind me of this guy that used to come see me when I worked in New Orleans. He looked a lot like you. You ever been to New Orleans? He was nice. A big tipper. He wasn't as quiet as you though. You two almost look like brothers except he had tattoos. I think he was in the Navy. He used to come see me every Friday or Saturday night. His name was Clarence. I had a lot of fun in New Orleans, I'm sorry I ever came to this lousy town, nothin' to do here...

She crosses to the window, pulls the thin curtains closed, then turns out the nearby lamp.

40 INT. TOURING CAR - DOYLE - MCCOOL

40

They stare at the upstairs window of the brothel - react as the light goes out. McCool turns, looks back at Danny Boy --

MCCOOL

Go ahead, Danny. It's your show.

Danny Boy nods, gets out of the car, starts walking through the rain toward the brothel.

MCCOOL

Maybe we shoulda waited for Hickey.

DOYLE

Maybe. And maybe if Hickey's the only one that can take care of a situation I don't need the rest of you on payroll.

MCCOOL

How's Rossi gonna take it?

DOYLE

Piss on him -- if Rossi wants a truce he shouldn't hire guys like this one...

McCool kicks the starter over, slips the car into gear --

41 INT. BROTHEL - PARLOR - JERICHO - NIGHT

41

MUSIC continues -- Several PROSTITUTES in attendance with a couple of potential CUSTOMERS, THE MADAM at her needlework; The CAMERA RISES with DANNY BOY as he moves silently past the parlor, makes eye contact with FITZ, another Doyle thug -- Danny Boy drifts up the stairwell and comes to stop before a series of doors on the upstairs landing --

42 INT. WHORE'S CRIB - JERICHO - NIGHT

42

Smith and Wanda now in bed together -- Smith's .45 AUTOS are close, both on the NIGHTSTAND at the side of the bed -- the twosome are doing what people do under these circumstances, and seem to be doing it with some intensity -- Wanda, however, has not stopped chattering --

WANDA

-- I kept savin' and savin', but the more you make, the more you spend, for me anyway; so maybe it's lucky that I got a job in this place -- Ooooooh --

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Suddenly a door BURSTS open and DANNY BOY comes through pistol BLAZING... FITZ kicks a second door open, both SHOOTING everything in the room. Smith, nude, rolls out of the bed and onto the floor, his own pistols now BLASTING the darkness apart -- Wanda SCREAMS, SCREAMS, SCREAMS...

Fitz is suddenly dead, a bullet in the brain. Danny Boy falls, shot in the throat. With his ears still ringing, Smith gathers his clothes together -- goes to the door -- looks down at the parlor below --

43 INT. PARLOR BELOW - JERICHO - NIGHT

43

The few PROSTITUTES and PATRONS get to their feet -- stare dumbly upward, amazed at the sudden unexpected violence...

44 INT. WHORE'S CRIB - SMITH - JERICHO - NIGHT

44

Smith moves back, pulls the covers away -- the nude Wanda is cowering into the pillows.

WANDA

They forced me! They said they'd kill me! I didn't have no choice! They forced me!

SMITH

Give me a name.

Smith levels his pistol -- seems about to shoot --

WANDA

A guy that works for Doyle! It was Doyle's bunch! Doyle!

A moment, then Smith lowers the .45 --

WANDA

Don't tell 'em! Don't tell 'em, will ya?! They'll kill me!

He takes her PURSE from the bureau top, removes some MONEY --

SMITH

I don't figure I have to pay for gettin' shot at...

He leaves, SLAMMING the door after him.

45 EXT. BROTHEL - STREET - JERICHO - NIGHT 45

The hard rain continues to fall. Smith exits the brothel as a big touring car splashes to a stop; the driver's window rolls down, it's LUCY.

LUCY

Instead of just standin' there, you better get in -- In case you haven't noticed, it's rainin'...

He gets in, the car roars away.

46 INT. GALT'S CAR - ACROSS THE WAY - NIGHT 46

As the rain pounds on his windshield, GALT and DEPUTY BOB FRENCH watch as the touring car disappears into the dark.

GALT

Goddam, would you look at that... Come on, let's see what happened.

He and the Deputy get out, cross toward the brothel...

47 EXT. STREET - JERICHO - NIGHT 47

The touring car splashes forward, speeds down the dirt road that is fast becoming a quagmire.

48 INT. TOURING CAR - NIGHT 48

Lucy and Smith peer out through the glass - wipers CLACKING --

SMITH

Where we headed?

LUCY

A juke joint outside of town. Rossi wants everybody there.

SMITH

He must have something to talk about.

LUCY

(shrugs)

He doesn't keep me real well-informed.

SMITH

More like his little hostess, huh?

She gives him a look --

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

SMITH

What'sa matter? You don't want to talk about Rossi?

LUCY

Him and me are none of your god damn business.

SMITH

You're awful touchy -- You two must've had a hell of a fight.

LUCY

You heard about it, huh?

SMITH

A little bird whispered in my ear.

LUCY

These guys that work for him can't keep their big mouths shut.

SMITH

The little bird didn't tell me what you two sweeties fought about.

LUCY

I told you before, it's none of your damn business.

SMITH

You're still crazy about him. I guess I can understand that -- Rossi seems like a real swell guy.

49 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SLIM'S - RAIN - NIGHT

49

As the downpour continues, the touring car pulls up -- beyond is SLIM'S -- a roadhouse with a small neon sign in the window that says EAT.

50 INT. TOURING CAR - NIGHT

50

Smith stares out at Slim's as the rain hammers at the glass...

LUCY

We better get inside. They're all waitin'...

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

SMITH

They'll keep waitin' -- quit bein' so scared.

LUCY

I ain't scared. I ain't scared of them or you.

He turns back, stares at her --

SMITH

How'd you know where to find me -- and why would Rossi send you?

LUCY

Number one -- I went over to the Red Bird and asked that old geezer where I could find you... Number two -- Rossi told me that Gorgio and the other guys got a real hot head about the money you're gettin' -- Gorgio don't like you, in case ya hadn't noticed.

SMITH

Gee, I'm sorry to hear that.

LUCY

Rossi figures I wouldn't be dumb enough to do anything out of line, so he sent me -- I told ya, he likes to test me...

SMITH

That must make you feel proud.

LUCY

Quit being a shit heel... I get enough of that from Rossi, thank you --

SMITH

Doesn't Rossi have a first name?

As she exits:

LUCY

Only in the bedroom.

51 INT. SLIM'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

51

Long counter, several small tables with checkered tablecloths. Few customers. It looks like the special is

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

Chicken Fried Steak. Lucy leads Smith toward a back room. As they approach the door, SANTO stands guard. Santo doesn't step aside --

SANTO

(smile)

Mr. Smith. Good to see you, buddy.
People tell me you're on our side.

SMITH

(smiles back)

What's your name?

SANTO

Santo.

SMITH

You look like just another hood to me,
Santo. A real cheap one. And I'm not
your buddy.

A hard look, then Santo steps back from the door.

52

INT. BACK ROOM - SLIM'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

52

Smith and Lucy enter, Santo follows, closes the door behind him. Several small tables in the room, packed with Rossi's men. Gorgio looks up from where he's seated next to Rossi...

GORGIO

(to Lucy)

Well Christ's sweet sake -- It took you
two long enough.

SMITH

It's raining, Gorgio. Hard to drive in
the rain.

GORGIO

I wasn't talkin' to you. I was talkin'
to her.

Smith shrugs, heads over to an unoccupied small table. Sits. Picks up a deck of cards, begins playing solitaire.

ROSSI

(to Lucy)

Like he said, what took you so long?

He's clearly jealous.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

LUCY

Maybe you didn't hear too good -- It's rainin'.

ROSSI

You know something? You're gettin' to be more of a wise ass every day -- it ain't so cute anymore -- and you know what happens to wise ass dames? They get their wise ass kicked.

Smith calls out from across the way --

SMITH

I wasn't real easy to find. I was in a whorehouse.

GORGIO

(hot)

Nobody's talking to you -- You just stay out of it, you hear me?

Smith says nothing. Rossi shoots a look at Gorgio, stands; addresses TWO THUGS --

ROSSI

(indicates Lucy)

Get her back into town.

(to Smith)

You never told us who you worked with back East - or was it Detroit? Or Cleveland maybe?

SMITH

(keeps turning cards)

I moved around. Did a little bit here, little bit there. Nothing special.

GORGIO

Knock off the bullshit. We want to know who you worked with back East. And we want to know what your real name is --

Santo moves close, stepping over from the door --

SANTO

We hear you're makin' three times as much as the rest of us.

No response. Smith just keeps turning cards.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED: (2)

52

SANTO

(to Rossi)

What's he gonna do so good that we can't?

SMITH

When I was in the whorehouse two of
Doyle's men jumped me.

Santo pours himself a whiskey.

SANTO

Yeah?

SMITH

(looks up into his eyes)

I'm here. They're not.

GORGIO

You shot two more of Doyle's guys?
Jesus Christ. Is that bullshit or is it
true?

(to Rossi)

I told you this guy was bad news. How's
this gonna look for our truce with Doyle?

ROSSI

I don't give a damn about Doyle. If he
lost two men tonight -- good...

Rossi now stares around the room at all his men.

ROSSI

I want to settle with Doyle. I'm gonna
make a move that's gonna put him right
out of business. And I want to get it
done before that God damn Hickey gets
back --

GORGIO

(looks directly at Smith)

We ought to let Hickey call you out -
he'd probably eat you alive.

SMITH

(smile)

Hey, Gorgio. Who's side you on?

Smith turns another card.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52

ROSSI

Doyle's trying to outbid me with my own suppliers -- the mick bastard... I thought I could do business with him, but it's bullshit -- We got a shipment comin' up from Monterrey next week -- but Doyle's got one comin' up tomorrow --

Rossi turns to Smith who remains serenely aloof, continuing to play solitaire...

ROSSI

The booze gets shipped from London to Vera Cruz. Doyle's contact - a wetback named Ramirez - buys it there, has it trucked to Monterrey, gets the local bandits to guarantee it'll get over the border.

Rossi walks close, bends down to eye level.

ROSSI

Tomorrow's your big day, Mr. Smith. We're gonna test you. Find out if you're worth the money --

53 EXT. MOUNTAINS - MEXICO - DAWN

53

As the sun appears on the horizon line -- the vast desert stretches out beyond...

54 EXT. LOW MOUNTAINS - MEXICO - DAWN

54

Rossi's car parked on a ridge, a few cars parked behind; in the valley below, a dirt road winds along the desert. On the road is the tiny figure of a SOLITARY MAN, seemingly alone against a vast horizon --

55 INT. ROSSI'S CAR - DAWN

55

Rossi sips some coffee from a THERMOS. Gorgio at his side --

ROSSI

Now we watch while we shove it right up Mr. Doyle's ass.

Rossi studies the desert below thru a pair of high-powered binoculars...

56 EXT. DESERT ROAD - BELOW - P.O.V. - DAWN

56

A convoy of FIVE TRUCKS appears, creating a huge dust cloud as it heads north. Leading the trucks, an open touring car with FOUR THUGS brandishing RIFLES, SUBMACHINE GUNS...

ROSSI (O.S.)

Stupid mick forgot when you buy off a
Mexican you got to make sure there isn't
a higher bidder --

(savoring)

Every one of those trucks -- loaded with
Grade A whiskey --

The MAN wearing a dark suit still stands alone in the center of the roadway...

57 EXT. DIRT ROAD - HILL COUNTRY - MEXICO - DAY

57

The man in the road is SMITH. He waits calmly as the car leading the caravan rolls to a stop -- A big, BEEFY IRISH TYPE stands up in the back seat --

IRISH

Who're you?

SMITH

I'm the guy that's gonna hijack your
booze.

Stunned silence. Then smiles on the Irish faces...

IRISH

You bring any help?

SMITH

Matter of fact, I did.

He looks off -- BANDITOS ON HORSEBACK appear over the crest of the nearest hill -- Begin to ride down toward the trucks --

SMITH

I'm givin' you a chance -- if I was you,
I'd run for it...

The Four Thugs turn back to Smith -- momentarily frozen -- then three start to level their big guns -- As they fire, BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! Each is shot dead by Smith. The FOURTH THUG stays frozen in the car's back seat... The SOUND of THUNDERING HOOVES --

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

SMITH

Like I said, run for it --

The Fourth Thug jumps from the car; flees down the hillside...

58 EXT. DESERT ROAD - BELOW - P.O.V. - THRU BINOCULARS - DAWN 58

MOUNTED BANDITS, now at the trucks -- they carry RIFLES,
PISTOLS; move to each truck, order the DRIVERS out - shouting
-- A GUN SHOT -- Several Drivers try to flee across the desert
-- The horsemen ride them down, shoot the running men...

59 CLOSE - ROSSI 59

ROSSI

Kill 'em. Kill every one of the lousy
mick bastards.

(looks at Gorgio)

How do you think Mr. Doyle's gonna like
it? Dumb harp's gonna hear bandits got
his load --

60 INT. REAR OF TRUCK - FROM INSIDE/EXT. DESERT - DAY 60

As the rear door swings open, revealing Smith, Gorgio, Rossi
and his men...

ROSSI

Each truck fully loaded, maybe two
hundred cases, five trucks a thousand
cases, we deliver it at two hundred
bucks a case, that's two hundred grand
in our books - plus, you know what is
really the frosting? We got Doyle's
trucks. You know how hard it is to buy
a truck in Mexico?

He turns.

ROSSI

Santo - you, Smith, Berto - get back
across the border. Keep your eye on
Doyle. Gorgio, me and the others will
get the trucks over to Matamoros, send
'em on their way. We'll be back tomorrow.

SMITH

What do you figure is gonna happen when
Doyle finds out?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

GORGIO

I'll tell you exactly what he's gonna do. He'll sit on his ass in that hotel until Hickey gets back. Then he's gonna come down here to Mexico and start chasin' bandits. Good luck, Irish...

BOOM! The rear door to the truck swings closed.

61 EXT. STREET - JERICHO - DAY

61

A black touring car comes into the town from the surrounding bleak countryside.

62 INT. TOURING CAR - STREET

62

As it motors down the packed dirt road: BERTO at the wheel, Smith in the passenger seat, Santo in back --

SMITH

Pull over - I get out here.

Berto brakes the car to a halt -- IN THE BACKGROUND, the Funeral Parlor's window boasts two new additions next to Finn's coffin -- DANNY BOY and FITZ.

BERTO

Where you going?

SMITH

Gotta go see my parole officer.

(looks back at Santo)

Like Rossi said, keep your eye on Doyle.

SANTO

I don't remember him making you the boss.

SMITH

Sure he did. That's why he's paying me more money than you.

He moves off toward the Sheriff's office.

63 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - JERICHO - DAY

63

GALT brushing his teeth at a wall basin as SMITH walks in --

SMITH

I want to file a complaint.

.(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

GALT

(thru toothbrush)

Ummm?

SMITH

A couple of Doyle's boys tried to shoot me in a whorehouse last night.

GALT

I don't think so. We don't have any whorehouses here in Jericho. Whorehouses ain't legal. And I think maybe you just come in here to cover yourself -- in case the local law enforcement officer might be gettin' unhappy with the amount of dead bodies you been piling up...

Galt grabs a towel, wipes his face. DEPUTY BOB FRENCH enters from the back cell area.

GALT

I did hear about a disturbance at Mrs. Parker's boarding house. Seems like two fellas got themselves killed.

(smile)

I investigated the whole thing. It just might be that the fella that did it's got a good excuse --

He nods to the Deputy who goes to the back of the office, opens the door that leads to the cells. WANDA, the young woman from the brothel, is locked up in the first cell.

GALT

According to this little honey he acted in self-defense, unprovoked attack... Of course I don't know how reliable a witness she's gonna be. I checked her out and it seems like she's a vagrant. Possibly here in town for immoral purposes. Didn't leave me much choice, so I arrested her cute little ass. She's a real dish, ain't she?

Wanda looks sullenly out from the cell.

SMITH

How much to get her out?

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED: (2)

63

GALT

Hundred bucks ought to send her on her way.

Smith reaches into his wallet. Pulls out the money.

SMITH

I got some information you can sell Mr. Doyle. He'll hear it soon enough, but you might just want to be the one to tell him --

(holds up the dough)

His big load of whiskey coming up from Monterrey -- it got hijacked south of the border by some banditos. You ought to be able to get a grand for that kind of tip --

Galt takes the money from Smith's hand.

SMITH

I been thinking about how Doyle's boys knew I was gonna be in Mrs. Parker's boarding house last night. I figure your deputy told you, since he was all ears over at the Red Bird when I was thinkin' out loud about my nighttime behavior. Then you must've sold the info to Doyle... How my doin'?

Galt eyes Deputy Bob who stands motionless against the wall.

GALT

God damn. You are a real suspicious fella. Ain't he, Bob?

Smith moves past both men, goes into the cell area.

64

CELL - CLOSE - SMITH - WANDA

64

Smith again reaches into his wallet.

SMITH

I been thinkin' about it. Maybe I short-changed you last night.

(tosses her several hundred)

If I was you I'd get out of town.

Doyle's bunch are gonna figure you told me they were layin' for me.

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

He turns back to Galt.

SMITH

You got a bus that comes through this
burg?

GALT

Everyday at noon.

SMITH

See that she gets on it.

(smile)

You sell Doyle that info for a thousand,
you cut me in for half -- right, Chief?

Smith walks out.

65

INT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - STAIRWELL - CORRIDOR - DAY

65

Smith moves upward; the SOUND of a PHONOGRAPH - a popular
song -- Smith stops at a narrow door in the hallway --
KNOCKS... The PEEPHOLE snaps open:

LUCY

What do you want?

SMITH

I think maybe you and me need to talk.

LUCY

What about?

SMITH

About how you're bein' treated. I don't
think people appreciate you.

She pulls the door open, looks down the hall.

LUCY

Anybody see you come up here?

She stands aside as Smith enters.

66

INT. LUCY'S ROOM - SWEETWATER HOTEL - DAY

66

A record playing on a small Victrola --

LUCY

Appreciate me? Lemme tell ya, I don't
(more)

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

LUCY (cont'd)
have to take it from these bastards. I'm
goin' back to Chicago on the next thing
out of here that moves... You hear the
way Rossi talked to me? That
greaseball -- To hell with him --

She catches her breath, watches Smith as he checks some items
on the bureau. There's an open FLASK on the nightstand.
She's been drinking.

LUCY
Okay. So talk.

SMITH
Rossi's out of town for a day. So's
Gorgio.

LUCY
Yeah?

SMITH
You know they're payin' me real good
dough.

LUCY
So what?

SMITH
First you're not going anywhere.
You're just letting off steam. Second
maybe you can get some of my money in
your hot little hands. Maybe I'd share.

Smith hands her the flask - she takes a belt.

LUCY
You gonna tell me why you'd do such a
nice thing.

SMITH
Because I'm a sweet guy. Because you're
real pretty. Because these people treat
you like shit. Especially your pal
Rossi.

(moves closer)
Because you can help me -- and besides,
you're tired of passing Rossi's tests...

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED: (2)

66

Still closer -- sits in the chair directly in front of her -- begins to unbutton her blouse.

SMITH

You're a smart girl. You hear things, what's goin' on. You give me the inside word. I'm the kinda guy that likes to know everything I can. Keeps me healthy... So I could slip you maybe an extra hundred a week --

He smiles, drops her blouse to the floor --

SMITH

How'd you like that? Just between you and me.

He kisses her.

LUCY

Yeah. I like it. I like doin' business with you.

He kisses her again.

67

INT. RED BIRD - JERICHO - NIGHT

67

Smith approaches -- Visible through the glass door -- Joe behind the bar, reading a paper, having a shot. He watches as Smith enters --

JOE

Evenin'.

Pours Smith a shot.

SMITH

From now on, people come here looking for me, you don't know anything. Right? Like last night, you told somebody where I was.

Drinks up.

JOE

Only one come 'round for ya's that woman that runs with Rossi. I didn't figger yer wheres-abouts was nothin' secret -- 'specially since yer workin' for Rossi.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

SMITH

It's a free country -- but you tell
people what you know, it could get me
killed.

He heads for the stairwell.

JOE

Hang on -- I gotcha a proposition...
I'm aimin' ta get myself ta California,
got a sister out there. Since you ain't
takin' my advice on gettin' outta this
town - how'd ya like to buy my bar here?
I got the deed in a drawer right over
there -- gimme a thousand bucks, sign
the bottom an' she's yers.

SMITH

You serious?

JOE

I'm sicka this place 'n all the
murderin' bastards 'round here, you
included.

SMITH

I never buy anything where I have to
sign a piece of paper.

Moves up the stairs.

68 EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL ALAMO - JERICHO - DAY

68

Two or three of DOYLE'S THUGS loitering --

69 EXT. FRONT OF SWEETWATER HOTEL - DAY

69

A few ROSSI THUGS walk outside, stand near the touring cars.

70 EXT. UPSTAIRS VERANDA - RED BIRD - DAY

70

SMITH is watching the activity below. He has a clear view of
the entire street -- another Doyle Thug has come out...

From inside -- Smith hears A KNOCK at the half-open door --

JOE (O.S.)

Jes' me -- got some linens...

Joe lets himself in -- drops TOWELS and SHEETS on the bed --

71 CLOSE - SMITH 71

Watches the street activity, then his eye catches:

72 EXT. STREET - SMITH'S P.O.V. 72

Doyle's convertible returns to town, FELINA again escorted by DOYLE'S THUGS. The touring car stops at the front of the Hotel Alamo --

SMITH (O.S.)

Why don't they just rush each other and end the whole thing?

JOE (O.S.)

Nossir-nuh-uh-won't-happen. Not the way things are here.

-- Doyle and McCool emerge to greet Felina -- Doyle takes her by the waist, leads her to the hotel door; she goes inside -- Doyle and TWO THUGS get into a touring car and drive off -- McCool watches them leave, then enters the hotel.

73 CLOSE - SMITH 73

Reacting -- there's something about this woman that gets under his skin -- Doyle and the Thugs that surround her -- spiders crawling across a rose...

Smith pushes back from the railing, walks back into his room.

74 INT. SMITH'S ROOM - UPSTAIRS - RED BIRD 74

He sits on the bed, looks at the phone on the nightstand. Smith lifts the base, turns it upside-down -- no cord.

JOE

Told ya. Ain't workin'. Never did, tell the truth. Jes' put 'er there so's I could charge more fer the room --

Smith replaces the phone, rises, crosses to the door --

JOE

Galt tol' me how if somethin' goes crazy with these gangs -- they'll be tippin' the scales, 'an all the bosses back home in the big stores go to war.

Smith turns, a crooked half-grin...

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

SMITH
You mean - things go bad here, half of
Chicago blows up?

JOE
Yup, s'what he said. Figure that.

SMITH
Sounds okay to me --

75 EXT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - PORCH - DAY

75

Smith passes by SANTO, BERTO and NICK. Enters the hotel.

76 INT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

76

Smith sees Rossi and Gorgio. A long moment.

SMITH
I just wanted to tell you, I quit.
Nothing against you Rossi, but I decided
I don't want to work for anybody.

ROSSI
What the hell you talkin' about? You
don't quit me. Nobody quits me. Is it
Doyle? What'd he do, offer you more
money?

SMITH
Doyle's got nothin' to do with it --

ROSSI
This is bullshit. I paid you good money!

Lucy now appears, coming down the stairwell -- looks puzzled,
scared...

GORGIO
You're just yellow! I know what the
hell it is -- you're not foolin'
anybody -- You don't want to be here
when Hickey shows up.

SMITH
(to Rossi)
Here's your money back.

Smith throws some greenbacks on the floor, then walks out --

EXT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - BOARDWALK - PORCH

77

As Smith exits, starts walking away, Gorgio follows him out
-- Gorgio pulls a pistol, moves close to Smith, SCREAMS --

GORGIO
You yellow son of a bitch! Get back
inside! You work for us!

Smith turns and knocks him down with one punch, stomps on
his hand, grabs his pistol, then pulls his hair back while
he's still on his knees. Smith then jams his .45 up against
Gorgio's throat.

SMITH
Go ahead -- Say it again.

Rossi is now outside, Lucy beside him...

ROSSI
(to the Thugs)
Shoot him! God damn it, shoot him!

Rossi's Thugs: stunned by the sudden violence of the moment --

SMITH
They don't give a damn about Gorgio --

Kicks Gorgio, then walks away. Rossi explodes --

ROSSI
Jesus Christ! You just gonna let him
get away with it! What the hell is
wrong with you? Gimme that!

He tears a pistol away from Nick - aims it and FIRES at
Smith's back as he continues to walk away -- as dust from
Rossi's bullet kicks at his heel, Smith turns, pistol in
hand, leveled down at Rossi...

SMITH
Put it away.

A moment.

SMITH
I got nothing against you, Rossi -- not
your fault your brother's a half-wit -
but do you really want to get killed for
him?

A moment... Then Rossi drops the pistol.

78 FARTHER UP THE STREET - AT THE HOTEL ALAMO - DAY 78

A number of Doyle's men watching, wondering what the hell is going on. Smith gets about forty yards away. Stops.

SMITH

Hey!

McCool stands there with folded arms.

SMITH

You tell Doyle I turned Rossi down. I don't work for him.

Smith turns and walks toward the Red Bird -- The two groups of Thugs stare at each other from opposite ends of the street.

79 EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY 79

Galt stands in the doorway -- watching...

80 INT. RED BIRD - JERICHO - DAY 80

Smith walks inside, pours himself a beer.

SMITH

You ought to be happy. I don't work for that Rossi bum anymore.

Joe is now at the window looking out at Rossi's gang as they disperse, talking quietly with one another as they move back inside the hotel --

81 EXT. STREET - RED BIRD - JERICHO - LATE AFTERNOON 81

SMITH sits in a wooden chair in front of the RED BIRD, his feet up on the rail. At the end of the street a dark touring car turns the corner, heads down toward Smith, comes to a stop -- MCCOOL at the wheel, FELINA at his side, two of Doyle's thugs, MAHON and WALSH, in back.

MCCOOL

(smile)

Sittin' here out in the open might not be a real good idea for a fella that's got as many enemies as you got.

SMITH

I thought everybody liked me. I'm a nice guy.

(CONTINUED)

81

CONTINUED:

81

MCCOOL

Yeah. You're quite a fella... You know I'm real close to Doyle -- There could be some big dough in this for you if you come and work for us.

Smith stands, leans close to the car window.

SMITH

You askin' or Doyle?

MCCOOL

Me. You're a nice guy, I'm a friendly guy.

SMITH

You tell Doyle I have a hard time workin' for people tryin' to kill me.

MCCOOL

I'll let you tell him. He's comin' back tonight.

(sees Smith looking at Felina)

This is Mr. Doyle's girl. We're just bringing her back from church -- I guess church makes her feel better about keeping Mr. Doyle company.

(turns to her)

That right, honey?

(back to Smith)

You don't want to miss out on the big money. This little war with Rossi is gonna be over soon.

He drives off toward the hotel...

82

EXT. GAS STATION/GARAGE - JERICHO - SUNSET

82

Two pumps in front of a low metal building.

83

EXT. MAIN STREET - JERICHO - THRU GLASS WINDOW - SUNSET

83

All quiet. CAMERA PANS TO STATION DOORWAY as SMITH sticks his head inside the tiny office. He carries his valise --

The GAS STATION ATTENDANT, dressed in overalls, prone on a metal cot - fast asleep -- he clearly lives here. Smith reaches over, grabs an EMPTY BEER BOTTLE off a nearby shelf, BANGS it on the desk top. The Attendant wakes with a start...

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

SMITH

How's my car?

ATTENDANT

Patched the inner tube - fixed the headlight -- she's good as new, other than the windshield -- orderin' new glass'd take a while.

Smith reaches into his pocket, comes out with several greenbacks - tosses them to the Attendant.

SMITH

This cover it?

ATTENDANT

I'll trade you what I owe you in change for a little info - a fella come around, asked me about your car. Wanted to look at the registration, check your name.

SMITH

What'd you tell 'im?

ATTENDANT

I didn't tell 'im nothin'. He went to do it, but guess what?

SMITH

He couldn't find the registration, could he? You keep the change. This fella say what his name was?

ATTENDANT

He didn't say but I know who he was. One of them Eye-talian boys that's here in town. Name's Georgie - Georgio...

Smith turns and walks away - the Attendant holds the greenbacks up to the light streaming thru the office window.

84 INT. HOTEL ALAMO - UPSTAIRS ROOM - NIGHT

84

A KNOCK -- the peephole opens... Smith's face visible. After a moment, FELINA opens the door: she wears a cotton shift -- ready to retire for the evening. As seen before, Felina possesses both a remarkable beauty and an air of tragedy.

SMITH

I just want to talk to you --

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

Felina moves back into the room, Smith follows, shuts the door behind him.

SMITH

I don't even know your name.

Felina stares at him, unsure what is happening.

FELINA

Felina...

SMITH

Why are you here? In this town? I know you don't fit in with this outfit --

She touches the SILVER CROSS hanging from her neck...

FELINA

A year ago -- My husband gambled with Mister Doyle... he lost.

(pause)

I'm paying the debt for my husband. Mister Doyle owns me -- for now...

SMITH

People don't own each other... Where is this husband?

FELINA

Somewhere in Mexico. I don't know. After he lost me he went back across the border. He was ashamed...

(pause)

When I first see you, at the old church... I have a feeling, maybe you will bring me a miracle.

SMITH

Don't count on it. I don't think I believe in them.

Felina shrugs and begins to unbutton her dress -- pulls it open -- as Smith stares at her with a look we haven't seen...

SMITH

You don't have to do that.

She's confused -- Felina doesn't look like a whore. Her manner is too simple, her face too innocent. And yet there's a compliance about her that makes one wonder -- she moves to

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

the dresser, picks up the photograph of her little girl -- shows it to Smith --

FELINA

My daughter. She is in Mexico. Mister Doyle promised me to see her again one day...

SMITH

I guess he's a real sweet guy --

FELINA

(shrugs)

I told you -- He owns me. He... visits me when he wants.

SMITH

This husband of yours - why didn't he do something...

FELINA

They're too strong. What could he do?

And now Smith has to look away, as if in her eyes he saw something intolerable and frightening -- The SOUND of a car in the street below -- Felina moves to the window.

85 EXT. STREET - FRONT OF HOTEL - FELINA'S P.O.V.-THRU GLASS

85

A touring car has pulled up -- JACKO THE GIANT and DONNIE emerge -- Donnie runs around to the back door, opens it -- DOYLE gets out...

86 INT. FELINA'S ROOM - UPSTAIRS - HOTEL ALAMO

86

FELINA

It's Mr. Doyle -- You should go. They'll kill you.

She turns to look back at Smith...

87 INT. RED BIRD - THRU GLASS DOORS - DAY

87

Smith plays solitaire. He glances up to see Doyle and McCool walking toward the bar. He continues playing as they enter -- Joe, behind the bar, suddenly gets busier -- As Doyle and McCool enter and walk toward Smith's table, Doyle speaks to Joe without looking at him --

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

DOYLE

(curt)

Bring us your best stuff --

JOE

Yessir, Mr. Doyle. Right away, sir.

Joe gives a mocking salute as Doyle and McCool help themselves to chairs and join Smith.

MCCOOL

Mr. Doyle wants you to come to work for us. Full time.

SMITH

(still focussed on the cards)

I don't think he can afford it.

DOYLE

Try me.

SMITH

A Thousand.

DOYLE

A week... or a day?

SMITH

I figured you'd be mad at me... In case you forgot, I killed some of your men.

DOYLE

So what? It's the only cure I know for bein' stupid.

(pause)

Some Mexicans hijacked my booze. Stole my trucks. Puts me at a real disadvantage with Rossi. Only way around that is to take him out of the competition... I want you to kill Rossi and his little brother.

Doyle removes A MONEY CLIP from his shirt pocket, counts out SEVERAL BILLS.

DOYLE

Three days pay -- That's all it should take.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

DOYLE (cont'd)
(puts the money down)
For a guy like you... I mean it as a
compliment.

SMITH
You got a lot of torpedoes workin' for
you -- why not have one of them do it?

DOYLE
It looks better back home if an ex-
employee of Rossi's pulled the trigger.
People can't blame me that way.

Joe sets GLASSES and WHISKEY on the table, then returns to
the bar, muttering to himself --

MCCOOL
What's his problem?

McCool pours three shots --

SMITH
He thinks you guys and Rossi ruined his
town.

MCCOOL
This place was ruined when we got here.

Doyle raises his glass to Smith, then downs his drink, as
does McCool -- Smith pushes the money back toward Doyle.

SMITH
I'll think about it.

Doyle gets up, followed by McCool --

DOYLE
You're makin' a mistake. Maybe you're
just not very smart.

They leave. Smith stops playing cards, looks over at Joe,
then drinks the shot --

SMITH
Where'd you say that telephone
switchboard was?

88 INT. TELEGRAPH/TELEPHONE OFFICE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

88

Smith, seated at a switchboard. A hand-scrawled list is posted on the metal frame of the board. Smith picks up the earpiece and pulls up on a phone cord.

89 INT. RED BIRD - DAY

89

Joe giggles at the wall phone as it RINGS. He lifts the receiver --

JOE
Red Bird Saloon, Joe speakin' --

SMITH (O.S.)
It works.

JOE
Ain't that nice -- Now ya can call your mother.

The line goes dead.

90 INT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

90

Santo, Berto, Nick and a few other Thugs lounge in the lobby. Gorgio is on his way upstairs -- stops at the sound of a telephone RINGING -- Rossi's Thugs, mouths agape, stare from one another and back to the still jingling telephone.

GORGIO
One a you meatballs answer the god damn thing --

The mute Thugs just look at him as he moves behind the desk --

GORGIO
I guess maybe Chicago figured a way to get thru --

He picks up the receiver.

GORGIO
Yeah?

SMITH (O.S.)
I think I struck it rich. Is that my -- old friend Gorgio?

GORGIO
Yeah -- who's this?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

SMITH

You remember me -- the high paid
eavesdropper -- I got a message for your
brother.

GORGIO

We don't need any messages from jerks
like you.

SMITH (O.S.)

Hey - just because I don't work for you
doesn't mean I'm not a friend - I don't
wanta see your brother get hurt... Tell
him that Doyle knows he's the one who
hijacked the shipment. In about five
minutes, Doyle's gonna come outside his
hotel -- he wants to negotiate - he'll
say he's unarmed. But it's all
bullshit -- you gettin' this?

91 INT. TELEGRAPH/TELEPHONE OFFICE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

91

GORGIO (O.S.)

Uh huh. I'm gettin' it. All bullshit.

Smith smiles.

SMITH

Good boy -- Tell your brother to watch
his step.

Smith unplugs the cord. Lifts another.

92 INT. HOTEL ALAMO - LOBBY - DAY

92

McCool plays cards with a few of Doyle's Thugs. A telephone
RINGS from the pool room. The thugs all freeze -- McCool
rises, and crosses into the annex as Doyle comes down the
stairwell --

93 INT. HOTEL ALAMO - POOL ROOM - OFF LOBBY - DAY

93

McCool gingerly lifts the receiver of the ringing phone as if
it might explode --

MCCOOL

Hullo?

SMITH (O.S.)

It's Smith -- I got a message for Doyle.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

MCCOOL

Since when are the god damn phones
workin'?

Doyle enters the pool room -- McCool flags him over to the
phone -- Doyle leans in to listen.

SMITH (O.S.)

Tell Doyle it was Rossi that hijacked
his whiskey -- He paid off Doyle's
Mexican connection -- made it look like
it was banditos -- and now he wants to
negotiate with Doyle - gonna try to sell
him back his own booze --

Doyle grabs the phone --

DOYLE

Smith -- what the hell is going on? I
don't want you playin' games --

SMITH (O.S.)

Don't worry, this'll only cost you a
grand. You got about three minutes
before Rossi comes out --

Smith hangs up. Doyle looks at McCool --

94 EXT. TELEGRAPH/TELEPHONE OFFICE - VERANDA - DAY

94

Smith wedges out thru a window and onto the veranda -- he
settles into a hidden corner, partially obscured from the
street by a slatted railing.

95 EXT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - PORCH - DAY

95

Several of ROSSI'S THUGS run outside, taking positions behind
the touring cars, PISTOLS and THOMPSONS at the ready --
GORGIO steps out onto the boardwalk...

96 EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL ALAMO - DAY

96

DOYLE'S MEN run out, scatter to various hiding spots.

97 EXT. STREET - BOARDWALK - JERICHO - DAY

- 97

Galt comes out of his office. Sensing something's going on,
he seems to swallow as he stands still in his tracks -- looks
from one hotel to the other...

98 EXT. TELEGRAPH/TELEPHONE OFFICE - VERANDA - DAY 98

Smith smiles as he watches the two armies ready to spring.

99 EXT. FRONT OF HOTEL ALAMO - DAY 99

Doyle walks out; looks down at the Sweetwater...

DOYLE
(shouts)
You lookin' for me, Rossi?

100 EXT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - PORCH - DAY 100

GORGIO
(shouts back)
I heard you were gonna come lookin' for us! Maybe you wanna tell us how you're movin' back to Chicago?!

101 EXT. STREET - ALAMO/SWEETWATER - INTERCUT 101

Both gangs come out from hiding --

DOYLE
Yeah, I'm movin'! Right over your face. Where's your greaseball brother, huh?! Hidin' from me down in Mexico with MY liquor that he stole?!

GORGIO
Gee, somebody stole your liquor?! I'm real sorry to hear that!

Rossi emerges from the Alamo, grabs Gorgio and shoves him aside --

ROSSI
You got a problem with me Doyle? I thought we had a truce!?

102 EXT. TELEGRAPH/TELEPHONE OFFICE - VERANDA - DAY 10

Smith pulls out his .45, takes aim --

103 EXT. STREET - JERICO - DAY 10

A CAR parked at the Doyle end of the street. BOOM! It's side window EXPLODES!

- 104 EXT. SWEETWATER PORCH/HOTEL ALAMO - INTERCUT 104
Rossi and Gorgio duck back into the hotel. Doyle retreats into the Alamo -- his men scatter.
- 105 EXT. SWEETWATER PORCH/HOTEL ALAMO - INTERCUT 105
GUNFIRE from both directions -- After a moment's fusillade...
- 106 EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY 106
DEPUTY BOB emerges with A SHOTGUN. BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! into the air. SILENCE. Galt peeks out from the door, then marches out.
- GALT
(shouting)
HOLD IT, GOD DAMN IT! NOW, I WANT A
CEASE FIRE! -- You guys bring the Texas
Rangers in here and all business stops!
YOU HEAR THAT?! This whole situation's
gettin' out of hand!
- He looks up at the Telegraph Office veranda - sees Smith --
- GALT
Fun time's over!
- 107 EXT. TELEGRAPH/TELEPHONE OFFICE - VERANDA - DAY 107
Now standing, his .45 no longer visible, Smith smiles at Galt -- shrugs...
- 108 EXT. SWEETWATER PORCH/HOTEL ALAMO - INTERCUT 108
Both gangs disperse.
- 109 CLOSE - SMITH AND JOE - THRU RED BIRD WINDOW - NIGHT 109
Watching... Smith turns to see --
- 110 EXT. STREET - JERICHO - NIGHT 110
As a black touring car drives past -- BERTO driving GORGIO out of town -- another black touring car passes it, heading into Jericho...
- 111 EXT. CITY STREET - JERICHO - NIGHT 111
The touring car purrs by the Sweetwater, the Sheriff's Office, the Red Bird, stops in front of the Alamo.

112 EXT. HOTEL ALAMO - NIGHT

112

A THUG named DOCKER driving, the back door opens; a DANGEROUS-LOOKING MAN wearing an overcoat steps out, looks down the street at the Sweetwater -- This is HICKEY. He's good looking, maybe late thirties; almost handsome, but has more than a tinge of cruelty apparent in his eyes. His reverie is broken by McCool who comes out of the Alamo's front door --

MCCOOL

We got problems. Rossi broke the truce.
Hit our trucks in Mexico. Killed our
drivers, jacked the whole load.

Hickey hesitates a moment, then goes back inside the car and pulls a THOMPSON .45 CALIBRE MACHINE GUN from the back seat.

He stands in the middle of the street, then sprays a HAIL OF BULLETS down toward the Sweetwater.

113 INT. RED BIRD - JOE - AT WINDOW - NIGHT

113

Watching the front of the Alamo. Smith now at the bar.

JOE

Hickey's back.

114 EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

114

GALT and DEPUTY BOB come out on the boardwalk, then quickly duck back inside as Hickey FIRES ANOTHER BURST --

115 EXT. HOTEL ALAMO - NIGHT

115

DOYLE comes out, flanked by several THUGS.

DOYLE

You heard the news?

Hickey gives him a look... glances once more toward the Sweetwater, then follows the others into the hotel.

116 INT. SMITH'S ROOM - UPSTAIRS - RED BIRD - NIGHT

116

Smith shaving at a basin with a SAFETY RAZOR -- he looks up, Lucy appears in the open doorway.

LUCY

Rossi says you tried to start a war --

Smith momentarily turns to face her... then continues shaving.

(CONTINUED)

116

CONTINUED:

116

SMITH

I just did him a favor. Gave him a tip.
I guess he didn't appreciate it --

LUCY

I just come to tell you, me and Rossi
made it up this morning -- I got an
investment there -- So we can forget
about yesterday like it never happened.
Right?

Smith towels off his face, puts on his shirt --

LUCY

I mean it was just one time for fun.
Right?

SMITH

What about the money?

LUCY

You keep it - I don't want to get myself
in the middle of anything. Rossi's
gonna take care of me... I'll see ya
around.

She starts to go --

SMITH

You owe me.

LUCY

Bull shit.

SMITH

You got a choice. We made a deal, so
you owe me or I tell Rossi and all the
guys about yesterday. It's up to you.

Straps on his guns, puts on his coat.

LUCY

Rossi'll kill you.

SMITH

No. He'll kill you.

LUCY

You can't prove it.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

116

SMITH

Sure I can. You got a birthmark on
your ass.

LUCY

You rotten bastard.

SMITH

Business is business... I saw Rossi's
baby brother Gorgio sneak out of town --
where'd he go?

LUCY

(shrugs)

He went to El Mirado.

SMITH

What's he doin' in Mexico?

LUCY

What he always does. Drinks, messes
around, goes to a whorehouse --

SMITH

Why didn't Rossi go along?

LUCY

To hell with you --

Her hand flies toward his face, he catches it --

SMITH

Maybe you're forgetting about our deal...

LUCY

(defeated)

He went down to finish doin' business
with Ramirez -- pay him off and some cop
they got for security. Okay? Now we're
quits. Right?

SMITH

Right.

On her look --

117 EXT. HOTEL ALAMO - JERICHO - NIGHT

117

Smith walks up, looks around carefully, then enters.

118

INT. HOTEL ALAMO - LOBBY - JERICHO - NIGHT

118

Several THUGS look up as Smith enters --

SMITH

I want to see Doyle.

FOUR OR FIVE MORE THUGS appear - become wary when they see Smith. Doyle comes out of the pool room -

DOYLE

You missed your chance -- I don't need any more help.

SMITH

I got some information I think you're gonna like knowing.

DOYLE

How much?

SMITH

Countin' the thousand you already owe me, that'll be two grand --

DOYLE

Let's hear it first.

SMITH

(smiles)

Rossi's dumb little brother Gorgio is on his way to Mexico to finish up business with your guy Ramirez -- pay him off for his help in the hijack... You like it so far?

DOYLE

Keep goin'...

SMITH.

There's a cop they had for security this side of the border -- he'll be there too for his share -- I'll even bet they'll be plannin' their next shipment -- usin' your trucks --

(pause)

I don't want to get pushy, but this information is too good to be free --

Doyle takes out his MONEY CLIP.

(CONTINUED)

118

CONTINUED:

118

DOYLE

(handing over the clip)

Take as much as you want. You work for me now.

He doesn't ask, but states it as a fact -- Smith takes a few bills, hands the money clip back.

SMITH

This is plenty -- I'll think about your offer.

As he heads for the front door --

DOYLE

(visibly darkens)

You work with us, you work with the winners. Anything else is stupid. What the hell you holdin' back for?

HICKEY and MCCOOL enter from the back... A moment as a look occurs between Hickey and Smith; as if they see their fates in each other...

MCCOOL

His name's Smith.

SMITH

People keep telling me I ought to meet you.

HICKEY

You shot some of our guys.

SMITH

Only the ones that deserved it.

Doyle moves toward the back room --

DOYLE

Come on. We got things to talk about --

McCool hustles toward Doyle -- Hickey follows, looking back at Smith...

119

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ROAD -LEADING TO MEXICO- DESERT - DAY

119

Trailing a long veil of dust, a touring car barrels down the dirt road, the only moving object on the vast lonely vista...

120 EXT. DIRT STREET - EL MIRADO - DAY

120

An old colonial town set deep in the mountains. A wide spread of crumbling adobe buildings... The touring car drives thru the town -- DOCKER at the wheel, HICKEY shotgun. An old bullet-nosed bus WIPEs THE SCREEN, revealing: A FIESTA is in progress. PEASANTS, DRUNKS, KIDS WITH FIRECRACKERS, TRUMPETS BLARING, FOOD and other MERCHANTS hawking their wares. Impromptu dancing in the street. No gringos present.

121 EXT. DIRT STREET - EL MIRADO - DAY

121

The touring car careens up a steep winding road to the Hotel Isabella -- Hickey looks out at a group of INDIANS playing dissonant MUSIC on WOODEN PIPES. Docker stops the car -- Nearby, SOUNDS of firecrackers exploding, FIESTA MUSIC.

122 EXT. HOTEL ISABELLA - COURTYARD - DAY

122

As Hickey, now on foot with Docker trailing, works his way across the square, through the crowd - which parts at the sight of the dark-suited gringos... Hickey turns, walks past the fountain, looks off at the village --

123 HICKEY'S P.O.V. - DOWN THE HILL - CANTINA

123

Parked in front of the cantina, three black touring cars...

124 INT. CANTINA - EL MIRADO - MEXICO - DAY

124

Hickey and Docker walk into the crowded cantina. A bunch of very TOUGH-LOOKING MEXICANS lean against the bar --

In a room beyond, GORGIO sits at a table drinking TEQUILA with two other men -- RAMIREZ, about forty, and TEXAS RANGER "RED", a red-head in his thirties -- TWO ROUGH-LOOKING MEN, Ramirez' bodyguards, play pool...

Rossi's henchman, BERTO, is seated across the way -- he very clearly can see Hickey and Docker, and he very clearly senses the danger... Gorgio is smiling, talking -- Then he picks up on the situation as he follows Berto's look to Hickey...

The only SOUNDS are the distant MARIACHI MUSIC and the heavy CLICK of the pool balls...

A FEMALE BARTENDER, ANNA, walks up to Hickey...

ANNA
Quisiera tomar algo?

(CONTINUED)

124

CONTINUED:

124

He pushes her aside, moves toward the rear of the cantina --
Docker stays back, GUN trained on the men at the bar.

Berto puts his hand into his coat and tries to stand between
Hickey and Gorgio. Hickey instantly produces his Thompson
from under his coat -- BUDDA!BUDDA! Berto is no more --
Ramirez' Bodyguards advance from the pool table --
BUDDA!BUDDA! both fall -- Then total silence...

Hickey stands over the table -- Ramirez, Red and Gorgio
display their empty hands --

GORGIO

I don't have a gun.

Gorgio's shit scared but he tries to tough it out...

HICKEY

Hello, Ramirez... Mr. Doyle thought you
and him had a deal -- he's not real
happy about your new friends...

RAMIREZ

I'm only a businessman. The people I
have to pay mordidas demand more money.
What can I do?

BUDDA!BUDDA! Hickey blows a few holes thru Ramirez, sending
him flying backwards in his chair --

Hickey looks back at the frozen Gorgio --then he places the
hot Thompson barrel against Red's temple --

HICKEY

Looks to me, you're a Texas Ranger.

(pause)

Wearin' a gun, Red?

RED

Yessir.

HICKEY

That's good --

Hickey turns his back, walks five paces, lays his Thompson on
a nearby table --

HICKEY

Okay, Red - Make your play --

(CONTINUED)

124

CONTINUED: (2)

124

Red immediately stands, goes for his pistol -- Hickey, sensing the movement, reaches into his coat, pulls out a COLT .45 AUTOMATIC, turns -- BOOM! in Red's forehead --

HICKEY

(to Gorgio)

We're taking you outta here, Gorgio.

Hickey turns, stares at the crowd at the bar, takes a wad of cash from his pocket, and walks toward them -- throws the money on the bar top...

HICKEY

That's for my friends -- I don't want trouble with my friends --

Hickey surveys the room -- the dead Berto, Bodyguards, Ramirez still prone in his chair, Texas Ranger Red -- Gorgio shaking, rooted to his chair... Hickey walks back to Gorgio - SMACK!, hits him in the head with the butt of his AUTO. As Gorgio falls:

125

EXT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - JERICHO - NIGHT

125

A touring car drives up, stops -- Docker and Hickey get out. Rossi's Thug SANTO wanders out of the hotel to take a look.

DOCKER

You tell Rossi we got Gorgio. Tell him if he wants him back, bring a hundred thousand in cash to the crossing out on the five mile road. He can have Gorgio in exchange -- make it about three in the afternoon...

HICKEY

The trucks...

DOCKER

Oh yeah -- And we'll give him two days to get our trucks back --

Hickey and Docker get back in the car, then drive off...

126

EXT. STREET - JERICHO - NIGHT

126

Smith standing against a doorway, watching -- Hickey's car swerves to a stop -- Hickey rolls down the back window...

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

SMITH
I figure you got Gorgio.

HICKEY
Gee. How'd you guess?

SMITH
Little bird whispered in my ear.

HICKEY
You were the guy that tipped us off
where Gorgio was, right?

SMITH
Was I? I can't remember. I think
grabbin' Gorgio was a real good move
though. Smart.

HICKEY
Stick around. You'll see something even
better.

Docker drives off toward the Hotel Alamo.

127 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - FIVE MILE ROAD - TEXAS - DAY 127

Two roads cross in the middle of nowhere -- CONVOYS OF FOUR
TOURING CARS approach from opposite directions -- pull to a
stop -- A SHERIFF CAR is parked in the middle, off the road...

128 INT. SHERIFF CAR - OPEN COUNTRY - DAY 128

Galt sitting, waiting -- he checks his rear-view mirror...

129 INT. SHERIFF CAR - MIRROR - GALT'S P.O.V. 129

He sees Smith drive up behind, get out of his car --
disappear from sight in the mirror.

130 INT. SHERIFF CAR - GALT 130

As Smith leans in the window.

SMITH
Nice day.

GALT
Guess everybody showed up. Includin'
you --

(CONTINUED)

130

CONTINUED:

130

SMITH

Where's your deputy?

GALT

He went out and got drunk last night.
Wasn't no use to me...

SMITH

Maybe you oughta let me wear a badge.

GALT

Nossir -- Not damn likely.

131

EXT. CROSSROADS - OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

131

DOYLE appears from one car. ROSSI gets out of his -- They stand, facing each other, thirty yards of dirt road between them. Behind Doyle, MCCOOL appears with GORGIO, leading him by the rope with which he is tied. HICKEY follows them -- He stands at McCool's side... From Rossi's car, SANTO emerges, holding a LARGE VALISE. With him are ROCA, NICK and the UGLY THUG. Santo hands the valise to the Ugly Thug who carries it toward center. Gorgio's plainly scared as he moves forward -- The two sides halt about ten yards away from each other.

SANTO

When the case comes up, you let go of
your rope...

Hickey levels his Thompson -- Two QUICK BURSTS and the Ugly Thug lies dead. McCool, still holding the rope, quickly lunges for the valise, sending Gorgio flying -- Doyle appears at Hickey's side.... He yells to Rossi --

DOYLE

We're even now! If you want Gorgio
back, you give up your whole operation!
Get out of town - get back to Chicago.

ROSSI

I had a good idea you'd double-cross
me, Doyle.

McCool opens the valise, grabs a handful of TORN NEWSPAPER STRIPS, releases them into the wind -- Hickey raises his Thompson -- Doyle stops him at the sight of --

Lucy pulls someone out of one of the touring cars. Shakes her, slaps her, grabs her hair pulling her face up -- it's FELINA.

132 EXT./INT. SHERIFF CAR

132

As soon as Smith sees Felina, he turns - heads for the group at the center.

GALT

Hey! Where the hell you think you're goin'?

133 EXT. CROSSROADS - OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

133

Doyle stands bolt upright -- advances four or five paces, then stands rooted to the spot.

ROSSI

Doyle, you see what I got? Until I get my brother back, I keep her! And I guess you know what I'll be doin' with her, right Doyle?

Lucy, hearing this, pushes Felina down hard.

DOYLE

How... How did you get her?!

ROSSI

My boys found her, no problem -- said you got a real nice house out there in the country. Oh - the guy you left to take care of her died. I feel real bad about that -- Maybe you should write his parents...

Doyle, ashen as he stands rooted in the swirling dust -- Smith walks close --

SMITH

(to Hickey)

I'm just here watching your moves.

After a moment's stare down, Hickey breaks off from Smith -- Hickey and Santo advance. They take the two hostages and retrace their steps toward the crossroads -- Felina advances with downcast eyes, led by Hickey... As the exchange is made, she sees Smith --

SMITH - a dark look, angry at her predicament, her humiliation. For a moment we see through the mask...

DOYLE

You all right? Did they do anything?

(CONTINUED)

133

CONTINUED:

133

A Thug drives up in a BLACK TOURING CAR - Doyle grabs her...

DOYLE
Hurry! Get in!

He pushes Felina inside --

GORGIO - runs towards Rossi's cars, piles in --

Doyle watches Rossi's car leave. Hickey moves to his side as Doyle shouts at the top of his voice --

DOYLE
Rossi! I'm going to settle things with you! I promise you wop bastard! I promise!

SMITH - watching the cars speed away, huge dust trails in their wake.

134

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF JERICHO - DUSK

134

Two headlights cut through the falling darkness - a car heads into town.

135

EXT. MAIN STREET - JERICHO - DUSK

135

A BLACK CAR with a Ranger shield painted on the doors drives down the street. Pulls to a stop near Galt's office. The driver gets out, RANGER CAPTAIN TOM PICKETT, tall, sixty -- he wears a big gunfighter mustache like the old days...

136

INT. RED BIRD - THRU GLASS - DUSK

136

Smith watches through the window as the Ranger goes into Galt's office -- Joe appears at his side...

JOE
Well, lookie who's here.

SMITH
Law and order, huh?

JOE
You ain't from Texas. Lemme give ya a hint how it is - them Rangers got their own kinda law 'n lotsa order.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - JERICHO - NIGHT

A KNOCK, then Smith opens the door, stands in the entrance...

SMITH
You sent for me?

GALT
Come on in. Got a fella here wants to
talk to you.

Smith enters - The RANGER is seated behind Galt's desk; he
looks like he means it...

GALT
Mr. Smith, this here's Captain Tom
Pickett. He's the head Ranger in this
district. Don't get down here much do
you, Tom? His home base is about three
hunnert miles from here, he only drops
in if I got a problem or to make a
special visit now and then...

PICKETT
Shut up, Galt.

Galt immediately goes quiet.

PICKETT
Sit down, Mr. Smith.

Smith draws up a chair, sits opposite the Captain...

PICKETT
(to Galt)
Mr. Smith and I want a drink.

Galt hurriedly produces a BOTTLE and some PAPER CUPS out of
a desk drawer.

PICKETT
How long you expect to be here in
Jericho, Mr. Smith?

SMITH
I'm not sure. I'm checking out the
local employment possibilities.

Galt pours whiskey for Pickett and Smith.

(CONTINUED)

137

CONTINUED:

137

PICKETT

I like whiskey. Helps a man keep things in perspective.

SMITH

I thought it wasn't legal anymore.

PICKETT

Politicians can pass some damn foolish laws. Hard enough to get folks to obey the ten commandments... makes law enforcement real complicated when they pass a bad law --

Drinks. As does Smith.

PICKETT

Yessir. I don't have much use for politicians... Or a bunch of bootleggers come to Texas.

SMITH

You want to talk to me about something, Captain?

PICKETT

I'm comin' to the point, son. Don't rush me. I'm a little circular, but I get there.

Drinks again, pours another.

PICKETT

Mr. Galt here filled me in on some of the activities been goin' on in Jericho. He left out the part about his graftin', but I expect I'd do the same if I was him. Which thank God I'm not, because he is a pathetic example of a human being -- but maybe he's what the people deserve around here since they vote for him - assuming the elections are on the up and up, which they are not.

(pause)

I'm here about a murdered Texas Ranger -- got himself killed in some little crummy town across the border -- Few others killed too -- Mexican fellas --

(CONTINUED)

137

CONTINUED: (2)

137

Pickett waits for a response. Doesn't get one.

PICKETT

This Ranger had a family. Well-liked by his brother officers -- guess he strayed a little in some departments, but he was a Ranger just the same.

(pause)

You know anything about his death, son?

SMITH

I don't think so.

PICKETT

That's odd. Don't seem hardly possible. Mr. Galt tells me you're real well-informed about things that happen around here.

SMITH

You saying that I did it?

PICKETT

I asked if you knew anything about it, not if you did it... The crime has been solved, son. The Mexican police picked up two armed drifters from the state of Florida just over the border. Turned 'em over to us. They ain't confessed yet, but they will.

He swirls the remaining whiskey in his paper cup.

PICKETT

So it's gonna be another case solved for the Texas Rangers... But I'm not totally satisfied. Since as soon as my boys arrest a fella we always get a confession, that don't mean there's not room for a mistake... I just can't get past the idea that maybe one of these two bootleg gangs had something to do with it.

(drinks)

I learned a long time ago to trust my instincts... Now listen careful, because this is the point, son. Things in this town are out of control. Two gangs is just one too many. I ain't an
(more)

(CONTINUED)

137

CONTINUED: (3)

137

PICKETT (cont'd)

idealist, I know a lot of things people do are awful low, but that's between them and God. I believe in God, son. What I'm concerned with is keepin' the lid on things. And what we got here in Jericho is way out of hand. And Sheriff Galt can't do much about it, right? Matter of fact, it might be fair to say he's part of the problem, right?

No response from Smith.

PICKETT

Now you been goin' back and forth playin' both sides, according to Mr. Galt here. Makin' a lot of money out of all this... But it's over, son. I want you to tell these two sides it's over. I'm comin' back here in ten days. Gonna bring about twenty Rangers with me. I will tolerate one gang because that is the nature of things. A certain amount of corruption is inevitable. But if I find two gangs here when I get back, a couple of hours later there will be no gangs here... So it's simple, one gang quits and goes home. You boys work it out, I don't give a damn which --

SMITH

One side leaves or maybe one side loses.

PICKETT

That's fine too, son. Kill as many as you want, just don't kill no innocent people around here. I wouldn't like that...

Smith drinks up, stands.

SMITH

Nice talking to you.

PICKETT

Likewise, son. Only one more thing. When I come back, if I was you, I'd be gone.

Smith nods, walks out.

138 EXT. STREET - JERICHO - NIGHT

138

Smith steps off the boardwalk and starts to cross, moving back toward the Red Bird -- he is suddenly caught in the glare of HEADLIGHTS. The convertible HONKS, swerves around him, loaded with THUGS, and FELINA in the front passenger seat. Again, as before, their eyes briefly meet before the car speeds off into the distance... A second touring car, also loaded with THUGS, now speeds by Smith -- On his look:

139 EXT. STREET - JERICHO - THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON

139

Desolate. No movement. Hot sun.

140 INT. RED BIRD - JERICHO - DAY

140

Smith drinking, Joe drying dishes --

JOE

I was wonderin' -- just why in hell did
ya come to this town?

Joe turns, pours a SHOT of WHISKEY; recorks the bottle.

SMITH

I hit this crossroads -- about forty
miles east of here...

Smith takes an empty bottle from the bar top, sets it on its side and gives it a spin -- it points at Joe, who is busy removing his artificial right eye --

SMITH

This is the way the bottle pointed.

JOE

(cackles)

I hate to tell you this, but the joke's
on you, pard -- Both roads lead to this
dump --

Joe drops the eye in the whiskey, picks up the shot glass, twirls it clockwise and reverse. He plucks the eyeball from the whiskey and rinses it in the water glass. He whips his kerchief from his back pocket and dries the dripping eye. As he returns the eyeball to its socket --

JOE

I don't want you thinkin' I'm the
mushy type. It ain't like all these
folks wrecked Paris, France. Hell, this
(more)

(CONTINUED)

140

CONTINUED:

140

JOE (cont'd)
place never was much a anythin'. Jes'
another dumb redneck West Texas crumb
bucket...

Joe downs the whiskey -- Lucy enters, carrying a battered
SUITCASE -- her face badly bruised, a cut lip...

JOE
What happened to you?

She looks away, refusing to answer; goes to a table, sits.
Joe moves to her with a SHOT GLASS and WHISKEY BOTTLE.

JOE
Ya okay?

LUCY
Yeah, I'm okay. Now just let me have a
drink and leave me the hell alone --

More sullen looks from Lucy as Galt comes in--

GALT
Looks like we got another little
sweetpants on that noon bus to San
Antone.

Joe looks over at the Sheriff --

JOE
Whaddaya know 'bout this?

GALT
Well, seems like she and her boyfriend
had a little falling out.

Smith moves close --

SMITH
I want to talk to her.

GALT
Go ahead.

SMITH
I mean without you.

(CONTINUED)

140

CONTINUED: (2)

140

GALT

Sure. Excuse me for breathing up the air around here...

He goes out onto the boardwalk...

As Joe moves away, Smith pulls a chair close to Lucy's.

SMITH

Better tell me what happened.

LUCY

Why should I?

SMITH

Because I'm such a sweet guy. And because you're probably broke and I'll give you some money.

He holds up several hundred dollars in greenbacks.

SMITH

It'd be a real shame if you had to leave town with nothing to show for it --

After a moment, she takes the money.

LUCY

Rossi's been in a real bad mood since his brother got traded back for the girl. He's been fighting with Gorgio, acting like a jerk, yelling at anybody that gets near him. I never saw him drunk before, but he really got in the bag last night. Me and my big mouth, I called him a lowlife -- So he slapped me and slugged me a few times, then he kicked me out, told me to pack up -- I said I didn't have to take that kind of shit -- He threw my clothes in a pile, threw my suitcase at me -- hit me a couple more times...

SMITH

When you get back home maybe you better start picking a higher class of guy.

LUCY

No guy's gonna want to mess with me again.

(CONTINUED)

140

CONTINUED: (3)

140

SMITH

Your face is gonna heal up. You'll still be pretty.

LUCY

How's this gonna heal up?

She lifts her hair back, pulls a bloody bandage away; where her left ear used to be is now just an open wound --

LUCY

Like I said, I got a big mouth. I wanted to get even, so I told him about what happened with me and you... He had three guys hold me down then told Gorgio to slice it off --

(pause)

He was real drunk. So maybe in a way it's more your fault. Because everything you did, you did on purpose, right?

Smith looks at her, then stands and walks outside.

141

EXT. BOARDWALK - JERICHO - DAY

141

Galt, leaning against a veranda pole, as Smith emerges from the Red Bird...

GALT

You got everything discussed with little sweetcheeks?

SMITH

Do me a favor -- make sure she gets on the bus.

GALT

I think I finally spotted the chink in your armor, amigo. When you get shot, it'll probably be because of some skirt.

Galt turns and heads back toward his office.

142

INT. SMITH'S ROOM - CLOSE - SMITH'S VALISE - NIGHT

142

As it is zipped open by a pair of hands; BOXES OF AMMO, SPARE CLIPS visible... CAMERA TILTS UP TO SMITH -- he stacks the .45 cartridge boxes on a small table. He sits with a stack of ammo clips, feeding the fat slugs in one by one.

143 EXT. STREET - JERICHO - NIGHT

143

Smith, walking alone, heads up the boardwalk toward the Alamo. No one else visible on the street, but within the hotel all lights are on...

144 INT. HOTEL ALAMO - POOL ROOM - OFF LOBBY - NIGHT

144

Doyle, Hickey, McCool, Mahon and Walsh playing cards.
A KNOCK; Donnie enters...

DONNIE

Somebody wants to see you, Mr. Doyle.

SMITH

(walking in)

I made up my mind - I'll work for you.

DOYLE

You must smell a winner.

SMITH

I need a thousand in advance --

Hickey stands, pissed...

HICKEY

Nobody's worth that much.

MCCOOL

He's good.

HICKEY

(lifts the Thompson)

Really? -- Better than this?

He BLASTS a twenty round burst into the wall --

DOYLE

PUT THAT GOD DAMN GUN AWAY! SAVE IT FOR
ROSSI!

HICKEY

(sullen)

Okay, buy him, then -- Suit yourself.

He moves off -- disappears into the lobby --

DOYLE

(reaches for his money clip)

A thousand... And a thousand more when
we win.

(CONTINUED)

144

CONTINUED:

144

MCCOOL

It's settled -- Let's drink to it.

SMITH

Okay... But what about the woman?

MCCOOL

What woman?

SMITH

(to Doyle)

The one you keep -- You'll lose if Rossi gets her again. He'll blackmail you right out of this town -- Maybe he'll even hang on to her -- he needs a woman -- his is gone.

He has Doyle's full attention.

MCCOOL

Don't worry -- this time we got eight guys on watch out there.

SMITH

Might not be enough -- I hear Rossi's got more trigger men coming in tonight.

DOYLE

Where'd you hear all this?

SMITH

(shrug)

Maybe it's just a rumor.

MCCOOL

Should I go check it out?

DOYLE

I want you and Hickey with me. If Rossi's got more help comin', chances are he'll try to rush us here.

(to Smith)

You go out to the country - check on her. She means a lot to me. McCool can tell you how to get there --

145

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DESERT - NIGHT

145

Open country. A dirt road leads up to a big TWO-STORY VICTORIAN -- a relic from the world of the Early Settlers.

146 CLOSE - THUG

146

On the porch - one of DOYLE'S THUGS sits in a chair tipped back on its hind legs. His head, covered by a hat pulled low over his eyes, rests against the wall; his feet up on the rail. His PISTOL rests on a nearby ice cooler --

147 INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

147

Doyle's Thugs playing high stakes poker. Big City Gangsters in the middle of nowhere. BODYGUARDS stand around, lean against the walls, fill the doorways... No noise except the SLAPPING of the chips on the table as the game progresses. CAMERA CRANES UP THE STAIRWELL to reveal a Thug, THE LAST GUARD, seated on a wooden chair outside a closed door --

148 INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

148

Thru the bathroom door, we see Felina as she reaches for a pitcher on an a wash stand; she pours clean water over the front of her body -- her head tilts back as she arches into the cool stream. She quietly sponges herself down, then pulls a towel from a nearby chair, and gently blots her skin dry... drapes the damp towel on the side of the basin, then slips into a simple, nearly transparent cotton camisole ...

Felina crosses into the bedroom and sits in front of an ornate vanity - from the table top, she lifts her SILVER CROSS; places the chain around her neck -- then frees a comb from her bundled hair so that it falls against her bare shoulders. As Felina begins brushing her hair, she glances at the photograph of her daughter, leaning against the mirror...

The SOUND of an O.S. car engine catches Felina's attention. She rises and crosses to the window --

149 EXT. FELINA'S P.O.V.-THRU WINDOW- DIRT ROAD/DESERT - NIGHT

149

A Ford Roadster cuts a dusty trail as it pulls off the dirt road and parks --

150 CLOSE - FELINA

150

Watching calmly, quizzically -- not knowing that her miracle has arrived...

151 EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - SMITH - NIGHT

151

Smith approaches the Sleeping Thug on the porch -- from inside the house, he hears the CLACKING of chips -- men's voices.... Smith places his foot on the suspended front leg of the Sleeping Thug's chair, leans into it -- the Thug flies

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

forward onto the porch. Smith brings one of the .45 Autos up out of his coat. The Thug scrambles to the ice cooler, grabs his pistol, turns -- Smith kills him without a word, one shot, BOOM!, dead.

Smith rushes into the house, an AUTO now in each hand --

152 INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 152

A FIRESTORM... The room is suddenly awash in GUNFIRE, SMOKE, AND BLOOD. Smith kills several men in a fusillade of bullets.

153 SMITH 153

Turns and walks toward the stairwell. Hears a SOUND. He raises the pistol to fire, stops when he sees...

154 FELINA - TOP OF STAIRWELL - NEAR UPSTAIRS BEDROOM 154

Wearing a sheer robe over the camisole - Standing in the doorway... She freezes. Smith's gun pointed at her head --

155 SMITH AND FELINA 155

He holds the gun on her.
A BULLET SPLINTERS the door jamb beside his head.
She jumps back into the room behind, out of the way as Smith BLASTS the LAST GUARD in the distance behind her -- rushes up the stairwell...

156 INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 156

The Last Guard, badly wounded, holds a gun to Felina's head; he's terrified --

LAST GUARD
I'll kill her.

SMITH
Hey, buddy, come on -- No need.

He starts toward him, slowly, but at ease, as if nothing could possibly go wrong.

LAST GUARD
Don't come any closer -- Get away from here...

SMITH
I'm going to take her with me.

(CONTINUED)

156

CONTINUED:

156

LAST GUARD

No!

He is in a panic. Fear alone could cause disaster.

SMITH

Look, if you shoot her, I'll shoot you,
and you'll die.

(keeps coming closer)

To shoot me, you gotta turn the gun away
from her, and if you do that, I'll shoot
you, and you'll die.

(closer)

Only way you can live is you put the gun
down and let her go.

(he reaches them)

Look in my eyes, you'll see that what
I'm saying makes sense. Look.

The Guard looks -- Whatever he sees makes him tremble so hard
it could set the gun off. Smith pushes the barrel away from
Felina's head, drawing her to his far side, away from the
Guard. He tries to take the gun from the Guard's hand, but
he won't let it go.

SMITH

Now stop looking...

(the Guard can't)

Stop!

In a panic, the Guard yanks the gun away, raising it to shoot
Smith who BLASTS, killing him...
Felina is impressively silent through this -- She neither
screams, nor averts her eyes.

SMITH

Get dressed -- fast -- You have to get
out of here, get to Mexico --

157

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

157

CLOSE ON the face of a dead Thug - PAN OVER TO Smith - he
SHOOTS up the room, using the Guards' weapons, FIRING both
through the windows and into the walls and floor. A
tremendous racket of SPLINTERING WOOD and BREAKING GLASS. He
kicks in doors, kicks holes in walls, kicks over furniture,
breaks lamps. A spectacle of destruction in which some
deeper, unrelated fury is at work...

158

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DESERT - NIGHT

158

Smith leads Felina, now fully dressed, outside -- He opens a door on one of the touring cars parked in front --

SMITH

You can drive?

She nods... gets in behind the wheel, Smith reaches in thru the window, kicks the engine over... He puts money in her hand --

SMITH

It's money I made from Doyle -- so use it -- get across the border -- don't come back.

She sits there, head bowed - ashamed. He roars:

SMITH

Get going!

FELINA

Come with me.

SMITH

I can't... You won't be safe with me --
Get to your daughter --

She pulls the SILVER CROSS from her neck, breaking the chain -- drops it into the vest pocket of Smith's coat... He keeps his eyes down until he hears the car pull away. When he looks up, Felina is gone.

159

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DESERT - DAWN

159

A big touring car pulls up -- DOYLE, HICKEY, MCCOOL and FOUR GUNMEN (DONNIE, JACKO THE GIANT, MAHON, WALSH), emerge. Smith is sitting quietly on the porch in front of the house...

DOYLE

Everything okay?

SMITH

They're all dead. I found 'em last night --

DOYLE

Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

SMITH
Gone... No sign of her -- Rossi must
have her.

As they push past him --

160 INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAWN

160

The Guards' bodies, the wrecked place.

SMITH
It's a slaughter. Must've took fifteen
or twenty of Rossi's men to pull this
off --

Like everyone but Hickey, Doyle is a bit shaken. To Hickey,
the blood and death seem but numbers in a calculation; He
exhibits only curiosity, inspecting bullet holes, wandering
around the room...

DOYLE
The whole thing's turning on us.

He drifts off. Dazed. Sits down in a wooden chair. Smith
watches Hickey sniff the weapons of the fallen guards.

HICKEY
(eyes on Smith)
This one hasn't been fired.

SMITH
They must have killed him before he got
off a shot.

MCCOOL
When you found 'em, why didn't you drive
back into town and tell us -- instead of
just sittin' out here?

SMITH
I thought maybe if she ran off when the
fight started, she might come back...
(shrugs)
She didn't.

Doyle is still sitting in the chair across the way - He
speaks more to himself than anyone in the room.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

DOYLE

Rossi's jealous of me givin' her a chance. She grew up in some little village -- told me her mother was a Yaqui Indian -- didn't know much about the father, except he was white. She married some lowlife wetback - the only thing he ever gave her was a kid... The way she looked, I couldn't help taking her out of all that... We gotta hit Rossi soon, get her back. We have to get this thing over with.

SMITH

I'll go back into town. Maybe Rossi hasn't heard I'm working for you. Maybe I can find something out...

He heads for the door, moves down the porch steps --

161 CLOSE - HICKEY

161

He watches thru the screen door as Smith walks toward his car parked out on the dirt road...

162 EXT. GAS STATION - JERICHO - DAY

162

Smith drives up, gets out. Nods to the ATTENDANT.

SMITH

Keep her gassed up, ready to go.

Hands the Attendant some money, then turns and starts up the boardwalk.

163 EXT. BOARDWALK - JERICHO - DAY

163

Smith passing boarded-up storefronts -- it's a clear quiet day, no other pedestrians or street traffic.

164 EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - JERICHO - DAY

164

Smith continues up the boardwalk -- something catches his eye; he turns, sees:

165 SMITH'S P.O.V. - FUNERAL PARLOR WINDOW

165

A new dead body has been propped up -- LUCY...

166

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - JERICHO - DAY

166

Galt sits in his chair, feet up on the desk -- Smith enters.

GALT

Undertaker's got a new face in the window --

SMITH

You were supposed to put her on a bus...

Smith stands threateningly over Galt --

GALT

Last night I had her locked in a cell to keep her safe. Left my deputy here on guard. I come back about an hour later -- the cell was open -- somebody stabbed her -- guess they figured she knew too much...

SMITH

Where's your deputy?

GALT

He's hell and gone, probably with a pocketful of cash -- guess everyone has a price.

(pause)

Rossi's boys all got alibis. Whoever did it left this -- I expect he's tellin' me not to investigate too hard.

He holds up a glass jar -- Smith sees a mass of bloody pulp that looks like an ear.

GALT

It's her ear.

SMITH

Rossi won't have to worry about you solving the case.

Smith turns and walks out of the office. Galt follows him onto the boardwalk...

GALT

Hold on, mister high and mighty --

167

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - BOARDWALK - JERICHO - DAY

167

As they emerge --

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

GALT

You tell Doyle about what our friend
Ranger Pickett said?

Smith doesn't answer, turns and walks across the dusty street
toward the Red Bird...

GALT

You tell Rossi?

Smith keeps walking away, doesn't look back.

GALT

I guess maybe you think the Ranger was
just joking --
(calls out)
I'm going to remind you of something.
I may have to take shit from Ranger Tom
Pickett, but I don't have to take shit
from you. I am the law around here.
You remember that. And I want this
whole business taken care of - you hear
me? YOU HEAR ME?

168 INT. RED BIRD - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY

168

Smith in a tub, nursing a beer. He's lost in thought...
His two .45 AUTOS holstered, sitting on a low table just
within arm's reach... Smith idly soaps himself, places the
soap bar on the low table...

169 CLOSE - SOAP - .45 AUTOS

169

The .45's catch the light from a nearby window, the wet soap
glistens -- CAMERA ARMS UP TO THE WINDOW... WE SEE:

170 EXT. STREET - THRU WINDOW - DAY

170

A touring car glides to a stop in front of the Red Bird.
Hickey, McCool, followed by Mahon and Walsh, get out -- A
moment, then JACKO THE GIANT emerges from the back seat -- he
follows the others as they quietly head inside --

171 CLOSE - SMITH

171

Still lost in thought -- Felina? Calculating about the two
gangs? Bothered by Lucy's death?

172 INT. RED BIRD - JOE - DAY

172

He looks up as Hickey, McCool and the three Thugs come in out of the wind. Joe's been wiping down the player piano -- he heads to the bar...

JOE
I'm guessin' you fellas ain't here for
a drink --

One of the Thugs grabs him, another gets his hand over Joe's mouth, gives him a vicious shake -- Hickey puts his pistol to Joe's forehead...

173 INT. RED BIRD - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY

173

The door opens with a CRASH... McCool and Hickey enter -- then the three Thugs -- JACKO THE GIANT pushes Joe into the room, sends him slamming to the wall -- Hickey's pistol is extended, pointed directly at Smith...

HICKEY
We need to talk.

Smith looks up without answering; his hand near the table...

MCCOOL
Yeah -- Rossi doesn't have Doyle's
little half-breed.

Almost encouraging Smith to make a move, Hickey lowers his pistol to his side --

HICKEY
McCool went across the border - looking
for her this morning. Down in El
Mirado. He ran into a guy with an
interesting story --

MCCOOL
He'd seen her heading out -- She sold
our car to some guy for a couple of
hundred bucks -- Took a bus south....

McCool eyes Smith's clothes, hanging from a wall peg -- he crosses to them, begins rifling the pockets --

HICKEY
So Rossi didn't take her.

SMITH
Maybe... If you believe the story.

(CONTINUED)

173

CONTINUED:

173

McCool pulls out a WALLET, LOOSE CHANGE, LINT...

MCCOOL

Why should the guy lie?

Then he finds Felina's SILVER CROSS...

HICKEY

Which leaves the question of how she got away.

MCCOOL

(brandishing the cross)

Yeah. Big question.

Hickey takes the cross from McCool, swings it by the chain in Smith's face --

HICKEY

Not that we give a damn about the chili bean. It's not like she was some virgin, was it?

Hickey sees Smith's gaze finding the .45 Autos on the table --

HICKEY

Out there in the country - Only a real good shooter could have nailed that many all by himself...

MCCOOL

But he works for us. Why would he?

HICKEY

Maybe he doesn't really work for us. Maybe he just takes the money, then does what he wants.

Smith lunges for his AUTOS -- Hickey, expecting it, brings the gun barrel down on Smith's head - sends him crashing back into the tub.

174

CLOSE - JOE

174

Slumped against the wall -- Watching...

175

INT. BASEMENT - HOTEL ALAMO - SMITH - DAY

175

The room is dark, musty, cobwebbed -- FILING CABINETS line the walls; OLD TRUNKS stacked on the floor; Two LARGE TIN

(CONTINUED)

175

CONTINUED:

175

TUBS with WASHBOARDS and OLD STIFF RAGS near a boarded up side door...

Smith, now in street clothes, lies on the dusty cement floor: he's been badly beaten -- HICKEY leaning against the wall -- watching. Smith is suddenly jerked to his feet by JACKO THE GIANT. DOYLE looks intent -- he now holds Felina's cross --

JACKO THE GIANT hurls Smith down into a tub, scrapes his face across a washboard -- Doyle stops him, grasps Smith's head in his hands, bringing his face close to his own.

DOYLE

Where is she?

No response - only Smith's labored breath... Doyle sees Smith's blood on his hands, steps back, wiping them on his vest...

DOYLE

Okay... more.

JACKO THE GIANT again lifts Smith to his feet, delivers a hard right to his face... Smith falls back --

DOYLE

Don't kill him!

HICKEY

He's nothing without a gun --

Hickey, Doyle, and JACKO THE GIANT go out the door. It slams heavily shut, a SNICK as it is bolted from the other side.

176

CLOSE - SMITH

176

Mangled, he lies on the floor of the basement... He raises his head slowly, painfully. A moment... WE SEE that he's horribly beaten, mouth bruised and split, an eye swollen shut and caked with blood -- His movements are stiff, slow, painful. Everything hurts. He tries to rise, can't...

177

INT. CORRIDOR/NEAR BASEMENT - HOTEL ALAMO - LATER - NIGHT

177

The hallway is narrow, dark; illuminated by KEROSENE LANTERNS on wall stanchions -- VOICES are heard. JACKO THE GIANT and DONNIE walk toward the basement door --

178

AT THE BASEMENT

178

JACKO THE GIANT unlocks the door. He and Donnie enter -- Smith is nowhere visible. A long moment - the two men look at each other...

JACKO THE GIANT

He just crawled off somewhere...close it up and cover me.

As Donnie closes the door -- he watches as JACKO THE GIANT moves off into the shadows... A moment as Donnie stares off into the dark; suddenly the top to A HUGE TRUNK springs open -- Smith lurches into view, one arm around Donnie's neck, his other arm reaches Donnie's gunhand -- as they grapple -- A STIFLED CRY from Donnie as Smith wrests the pistol free, JACKO THE GIANT reappears --

FIREFIGHT! Both Smith and JACKO THE GIANT empty their guns, it takes Smith's full six shots to topple the beast; Several of JACKO THE GIANT's bullets rip into Smith's human shield - Donnie's chest is riddled -- JACKO THE GIANT begins to fall, his last slug ripping into the floor, tearing up a chunk of concrete --

Smith slowly lets the terribly dead Donnie slide downward, looks again at JACKO THE GIANT who ZOMBIE-LIKE begins to rise. Smith clicks out Donnie's pistol... No more bullets -- The two men stare weirdly at one another, one grotesquely beaten, the other shot shitless -- a twisted smile from JACKO THE GIANT as he tries to level his pistol -- then falls dead.

Smith stands there, still half-dazed -- tries to fire Donnie's pistol at the dead brute -- CLICK-CLICK -- tosses away the spent weapon...

179

INT. CORRIDOR/NEAR BASEMENT - HOTEL ALAMO - NIGHT

179

Smith moves slowly out the door -- It's all he can do to stumble forward... Once in the dark hallway he backs up, propping himself against the wall. VOICES can be heard, coming down a stairwell.

Smith staggers farther down the hallway, away from the voices, turns a corner. He stops again, leans back against the wall in pain... Then lurches toward a cement stairwell. At the top of the steps, a door leading to outside at ground level -- More VOICES --

180

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF ALAMO - JERICHO - NIGHT

180

Another RAINSTORM has hit -- a torrential downpour of cascading water, lightning, thunder... Thugs running out of the front of the hotel. CHAOS -- Amidst the panic, we find Smith pulling himself under the boardwalk at a storefront...

Doyle now comes out of the hotel, agitated, furious... McCool follows --

DOYLE

Block the streets! Find him for me!

Doyle's men, about twenty in all, split, running in different directions, more THUNDER, LIGHTNING -- HEADLIGHTS SNAP ON - cars pull away - Doyle, McCool, Thugs - all move onto the boardwalk --

DOYLE

Search this whole hick town!

MCCOOL

(to Thugs)

Follow me!

Doyle runs off screaming --

DOYLE

Over there! Search every goddam inch of this place!

HICKEY appears, WE ARM DOWN under the boardwalk revealing Smith hiding directly beneath him -- water drips down on his muddy face...

MCCOOL (O.S.)

Tommy, in here!

Hickey, after a long moment, moves away -- Smith crawls farther underneath the boardwalk -- running FOOTSTEPS pound over his head -- More Thugs arrive at the front of the store as Hickey comes back out into the DRIVING RAIN on the porch --

DOYLE

FIND HIM! FIND HIM!!

181

WIDE SHOT - STREET - JERICHO - NIGHT

181

Doyle walks to the edge of the porch clenching his fists in rage as the men take off -- After a moment, he follows -- TILT DOWN to Smith who crawls out from under the boardwalk, then runs thru the shadows - around a corner - up an outside

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181
stairwell -- gasping for every breath... the RAIN CONTINUES --

182 EXT. OVERHANGS - FRONT OF RED BIRD - JERICHO - NIGHT 182
Smith moves along the awnings, stops when he hears VOICES
BELOW -- they pass... Smith uses his bloody hands to drag
the UPSTAIRS window open --

183 INT. RED BIRD - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 183
Smith drags himself onto the stairwell --

184 INT. RED BIRD - NIGHT 184
Smith staggers down the stairs, falls against the bar -- Joe
is stunned by his bloody face...

SMITH
(barely able to speak)
Something to drink...

Joe grabs a bottle, Smith takes it from him, swigs, coughs...

SMITH
They'll be comin' here -- Hickey -- Tell
him I was here -- I went to Rossi's...
Don't let 'im get it out of you too easy.

Joe now at the glass door -- looking out at the bands of
searching men as the rain continues --

185 EXT. STREET - BOARDWALK - JERICHO - NIGHT 185
Doyle, now soaked thru, yells to a Thug --

DOYLE
Over at the bar!

186 INT. RED BIRD - NIGHT 186
Thru the glass doors, Joe sees Doyle, McCool and several
Thugs running toward him. Joe backs up, goes behind the
bar -- Mahon and Walsh KICK the front door open, enter,
followed by other Thugs... Doyle steps in - sees Joe
standing alone at the bar. Mahon and Walsh split off to
search as Doyle and the others enter.

DOYLE
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

186

CONTINUED:

186

JOE
Who ya talkin' about?

DOYLE
Smith! Where's he hidin'?

Hickey steps inside, looks around ominously...

JOE
I ain't seen 'im.

Hickey lifts his THOMPSON - buries it under Joe's chin --
Doyle pushes close...

DOYLE
Don't lie to me! He came here, didn't
he?!

Walsh appears from behind the bar then runs upstairs --

GALT (O.S.)
Let's just hold on a minute here -- I
said hold it!

All turn - see SHERIFF GALT standing in the doorway -

DOYLE
You hold it! This is gone way past you!
This thing with Rossi's over! We're
gonna end it!

GALT
(nervous smile)
Well, I'm for it. Make life a whole lot
easier for me. But wouldn't you like a
little inside info about where Rossi and
his boys are holed up? Waitin' for some
new shooters to arrive from back East?
Huh? How'd you like that? You go down
there to his hotel, you just might be a
little disappointed...

Mahon and Walsh come thundering back down the stairs --

DOYLE
(low)
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

187

CONTINUED: (2)

187

GALT

Rossi, Gorgio, all of 'em. They're out
at Slim's Roadhouse --

DOYLE

(to Hickey)

Get everybody loaded up -

(back to Galt)

You better be right.

Doyle, Galt and the others leave -- Hickey lags behind,
stares over at Joe who is slumped over the bar --

188

EXT. BOARDWALK - JERICHO - RAIN - NIGHT

188

Men running, loading into the touring cars -- headlights
FLASH -- FEET RUNNING, RAIN FALLING, VOICES calling --

189

ENTRANCE - RED BIRD

189

Doyle comes back in --

DOYLE

Come on! Let's get moving!

HICKEY

He knows something...

JOE

(reluctant)

He's with Rossi... Smith was here 'n
went to Rossi's.

DOYLE

Son of a bitch! You held out on us!

He slams Joe hard across the mouth.

DOYLE

He's been working for Rossi the whole
time, hasn't he? Hasn't he?!!

(turns to Hickey)

Let's go.. We'll burn 'em out. Kill 'em
all --

Doyle leaves, but Hickey remains, looking around the room
suspiciously. Finally, he, too, walks out --
As the cars outside pull away, Joe quickly opens the large
ICE BOX beneath the bar and drags out a half-frozen Smith.

(CONTINUED)

189

CONTINUED:

189

SMITH

Why'd you hold out so damn long?

JOE

Hadta make it look good.

SMITH

Yeah, you were great... and I got
icicles in my ass.

(eyeing the bar)

Gimme me the knife.

Joe grabs up a HUGE BUTCHER KNIFE off a plate of cured ham,
Smith takes it, staggers to the window -- Doyle's convoy of
touring cars sweeping by --

190

EXT. BOARDWALK - JERICHO - NIGHT

190

Galt stands watching as the taillights of Doyle's cars
disappear into the still rainy night. He starts to turn away
-- the butcher knife is suddenly put up against his throat.

GALT

(smile)

I got to give you credit. You just
don't quit --

SMITH

Get his gun.

Joe steps out of the shadows, unholsters Galt's .38 --

GALT

You helpin' him out? That makes you an
accessory.

Smith roughly pulls Galt away --

191

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

191

All quiet. The rain has stopped. The silence is torn as
Galt's car roars on by -- kicking up mud...

192

INT. SHERIFF CAR - NIGHT

192

Galt behind the wheel. Smith and Joe in the back seat.

(CONTINUED)

192

CONTINUED:

192

GALT

You gonna tell me where we're goin'?

(no response)

I got this right, Joe? You with him all the way?

JOE

Who's side'm I s'posed to be on?

GALT

I know you're half-crazy, but I mean just look at all that red meat back there. That look to you like some kinda person that's gonna come out of all this?

BLAM! The windshield now has a hole in it, near Galt's ear.

193

CLOSE - SMITH

193

Sitting there, bleeding, holding a smoking pistol --

194

TIME CUT -P.O.V.-THRU WINDSHIELD- SLIM'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

194

From the road, GUNFIRE. A pitched battle. SCREAMS of horror and death.

195

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/INT. SHERIFF CAR - NIGHT

195

It slows at a distance -- Smith leans forward...

SMITH'S VOICE

I want to see this.

He peers out...

196

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SLIM'S ROADHOUSE - SMITH'S P.O.V.

196

The front door has been broken down. The building is enveloped in FLAMES AND SMOKE. SCREAMS and SHOUTING can be heard from within -- Doyle, Hickey and his men stand behind touring cars in front of the building, BLASTING the Thugs who rush out of the burning building...

197

INT. SHERIFF CAR - NIGHT

197

As the smoke billows, partially obscuring the view -- Joe and Galt sit uneasily as Smith takes his time about looking --

198

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SLIM'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

198

The last stages of the gun battle rages... more HOODS come running out. A FEW shot to death on the road, OTHERS leap from upstairs windows, try to make it across the roof - but are instantly gunned down. A FEW appear with hands raised, waving a white cloth, they are BLASTED as well. Doyle's forces, thinking the battle won, have relaxed and come forward from their defensive positions... A final group of Rossi's killers burst from the building, FIRING automatic weapons -- Doyle's gang are caught unawares by this new assault. Many are cut down, SCREAMING AND TERRIFIED, just as their victims had been a minute earlier... The smoke doesn't clear until Hickey fires a couple of THOMPSON BURSTS into the midst of Rossi's dying soldiers.

Then a terrible silence. Only a handful of combatants are left standing.

Doyle's men step forward, focused on the front door.

GORGIO'S VOICE

I'm coming out. Don't shoot!

He emerges - crosses the wooden porch; hands above his head --

GORGIO

(to Doyle)

Don't shoot! I know where all the money is --

DOYLE

Rossi! Come on out! We got Gorgio!

For a moment, there is silence -- Doyle shouts again.

DOYLE

How about it, Rossi?!

ROSSI'S VOICE

Doyle, you win! I'm coming out, don't shoot!!

Rossi comes out and throws down his pistol --

ROSSI

Okay! I give up! You can have everything... Take it all!

Hickey fires the Thompson -- BUDDA!BUDDA!BUDDA!
Rossi dies...

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

198

GORGIO
(horrified)
Fredo??!

DOYLE
(to his men)
Kill him.

BOOM!BOOM!BOOM! Gorgio is twitching, jerking, riddled --

199 INT. SHERIFF CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

199

Joe and Galt are speechless, Smith's swollen eyes move a little... His lips seem to smile.

SMITH
Okay. We can go.

Galt hesitantly drives on as Smith pushes Joe down --

200 EXT. FRONT OF SLIM'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

200

Doyle stares at the dead bodies of the Rossi brothers, then turns to Hickey --

DOYLE
Only that bastard Smith is left.
(to McCool who comes out of the
burning house)
Where is he?

McCool is on the porch, the roadhouse burning behind...

MCCOOL
Nobody else left in the place!

DOYLE
That can't be!

From out of the smoke, Galt's car moves by on the road beyond. Galt gives a wave at them thru the glass. Smith and Joe out of sight in back...

DOYLE
God damn jackal...

He and Hickey move up on the porch.

DOYLE
WHERE IS HE?! WHERE'S SMITH?

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

MCCOOL

I'm tellin' ya -- nobody's in there!
If he didn't come out, he burned up!!

Doyle and Hickey look at one another...

201 EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - OPEN COUNTRY - DAWN

201

An oasis of death; crosses everywhere in the sandy soil -- the ABANDONED CHURCH beyond -- It stands, as before, in the lonely place marked by one dead tree... The Sheriff's car pulls to a stop...

202 INT. SHERIFF CAR - CEMETERY - DAWN

202

Smith looks at them. His face is now all matted blood and deep bruises -- Joe helps him out...

203 EXT. CEMETERY - CHURCH YARD - DAWN

203

Galt gets out from behind the wheel of his car - stares at Smith whose arm is around Joe to support himself.

JOE

My God, you look terrible.

SMITH

(grinning)

I'll be okay if I can sleep a few days.

JOE

Don't smile -- makes ya look worse.

Smith holds up Galt's .38, flips open the cylinder, shakes out the shells, tosses the pistol back to Galt.:

GALT

What's this for?

SMITH

You drive back into town without it, people might notice.

GALT

You mean Doyle might notice. And what's gonna keep me from making a few grand by telling him where you are?

(CONTINUED)

203

CONTINUED:

203

SMITH

When they come for me I'll tell 'em how
you were my partner selling them hot
tips -- they'll kill you for that.

GALT

I got other choices -- What if I come
back here and shoot you myself. Collect
a reward from Doyle.

SMITH

Can't do that either. Old Joe knows too
much -- you'd have to shoot him too.
You don't have the guts for it...

He turns, still leaning on Joe... they move toward the church.

204

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH -ONE WEEK LATER- OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

204

The WIND is up -- leaves, dust, tumbleweeds...

205

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - DAY

205

Smith with a couple of Indian blankets over him -- His beaten
face - pale and thinner... He picks at his dirty fingernails
using the knife from the Red Bird -- He hears FOOTSTEPS --

GALT

It's just me -- your old amigo.

Smith painfully gets to his feet.

GALT

Joe got himself in a fix -- he got
caught when he was coming out here.
The food and bandages gave him away.

Smith stares off - the news clearly troubles him deeply.

SMITH

Hickey?

GALT

It was McCool, couple other of Doyle's
fellas that caught him -- Doyle and
Hickey are in Mexico - Doyle's still
lookin' for that little squaw.
Persistent bastard ain't he? He and
Hickey are due back this afternoon.
They don't know about old Joe yet --

(CONTINUED)

205

CONTINUED:

205

SMITH

Where'd they take him?

GALT

They got him in the hotel where Rossi's gang stayed. Doyle's bunch moved over there to celebrate their winnin' the war --

Smith picks up the knife and moves outside.

206

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - GRAVEYARD - DAY

206

They emerge from the half-open double doors -- the wind picks up, blows in gusts...

GALT

Think you can fight with that?

SMITH

Maybe with this I can get a gun.

Galt reaches into his car, pulls two HOLSTERED .45 AUTOS off the car seat.

GALT

A Sheriff has access to these things -- but don't expect any help from me.

Smith grasps the pistols, checks the actions, begins to load.

SMITH

What turned you into such a decent guy?

GALT

(shrugs)

Don't take much to imagine what they'll do to old Joe when Doyle and Hickey get back...

207

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - JERICHO - DAY

207

Galt's car pulls to a stop, the WIND blowing dust in circular patterns, obscuring most of the town, only the nearby buildings visible.

208

INT. SHERIFF CAR - SMITH - GALT - DAY

208

They stare at the distant shapes thru the dirty, bullet-shattered windshield...

(CONTINUED)

208

CONTINUED:

208

GALT

This is as far as I go. You're on your own.

Smith starts out of the car, looks back at Galt thru the open door.

SMITH

You're not quite as bad as I thought.
Sorry about your windshield --

Moves off. Galt watches as he disappears around a corner...

209

INT. ROOM - SECOND FLOOR - SWEETWATER HOTEL - DAY

209

As Walsh and Mahon continue to play cards, McCool rises, moves to the window -- Beyond, Joe is visible; bound by the wrists, sitting in a straight back wooden chair... His face marked by random punches, kicks...

210

INT. ROOM - NEAR WINDOW - SECOND FLOOR - SWEETWATER HOTEL

210

McCool looks out, sees the dust swirling below --

MCCOOL

Can't see shit...

211

INT. RED BIRD - DAY

211

Smith enters from out of the dust and wind. Pauses - makes sure he's alone. The bar is deserted, hollow, quiet. Only the SOUND OF THE WIND... He heads up the stairwell --

212

INT. SMITH'S ROOM - UPSTAIRS - RED BIRD - DAY

212

Smith enters, picks up his valise -- inside, boxes of shells and clips. He takes ten clips, stuffs them in his jacket pocket, starts out... stops as he catches sight of himself in the mirror -- face still bruised and beaten, but also a mask of the warrior. On his look:

213

INT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

213

One Thug lounges, two play pool in the annex. Behind an open door, another three playing poker in the small room beyond the check-in desk. A radio plays COWBOY MUSIC.

- 214 EXT. STREET - FRONT OF SWEETWATER HOTEL - DAY 214
Smith on the boardwalk, close to the building entrance -- wind and dust swirling around him, he pulls both .45 Autos, slams thru the door...
- 215 INT. LOBBY - SWEETWATER HOTEL - DAY 215
As Smith comes in - a long, frozen moment -- the Thugs stunned, all of them just stare at the man holding two fully extended AUTOS - then all hell breaks loose... Someone goes for a gun, Smith kills him, BOOM!, one shot. Now everyone ducks, dives, goes for their pistols -- A FUSILLADE OF GUNFIRE, SMOKE AND DEATH as Smith BLASTS thru the visible Thugs, dropping them as they stand.
Then again all quiet. No Thugs visible. Smith quickly drops two clips, reloads --
- 216 INT. LOBBY ANNEX - SWEETWATER HOTEL - DAY 216
Smith enters, and the next FIREFIGHT BEGINS -- Another Thug behind the vestibule door -- Smith FIRES TWO SHOTS into his stomach, but the Thug gets off a dying SHOT, hits Smith in the side...
- 217 SMITH 217
His arms extended in each direction -- A cross with a gun at each end. He looks down the barrel of the pistol in his right hand -- SHOOTS a THUG drawing a gun behind him...
- 218 THUG 218
His pistol half-drawn -- Staring at Smith's gun still pointed at him...
- 219 SMITH 219
Hesitates... Then BLASTS a hole in the man's forehead. Wheels around and BLOWS AWAY ANOTHER THUG who has come through the door behind him. A SOUND - CLICK! -- Smith leaps to his right as a THOMPSON FIRES - BUDDA!BUDDA!BUDDA! -- Smith avoids the impact of the BURSTS -- As WALSH fires the Thompson for a second round -- Smith moves toward him CONTINUOUSLY FIRING both pistols. Every bullet rips into Walsh's body -- his machine gun FIRES uselessly, cutting holes into the ceiling. Out of ammunition and targets... Smith snaps NEW CLIPS into both pistols - Starts for the door.
A WOUNDED THUG finds life -- Goes for Walsh's THOMPSON...

220 WIDE SHOT 220
Smith aims and FIRES.

221 THUG 221
JERKING and TWISTING as the slugs TEAR into him --

222 SMITH 222
Moves up the stairs... checks his wound, his shirt now partly crimson at the belt line --

223 MCCOOL - SECOND FLOOR 223
Comes out of the hotel room - he walks cautiously down the hallway, pistol raised. He moves toward the landing --

224 SMITH 224
Senses the movement above, turns and checks below...

225 MCCOOL 225
Continues stepping forward as Smith comes up the stairwell -- The SOUND of someone's pistol and Smith's answering .45.

226 SMITH 226
Dives onto the landing facing the corridor -- his plane of movement knee high -- both .45 Autos FIRING in unison.

227 MCCOOL 227
Is hit twice in the chest by .45 slugs. The killing wounds fling him upward as he fires his own gun -- his aim destroyed by the death shots, his bullets stray above Smith, high of their mark. McCool is sent TWISTING OUT the landing window --
MAHON appears from the room at the end of the hall, BOOM!BOOM!, instantly shot dead.

228 INT. ROOM - SECOND FLOOR - SWEETWATER HOTEL - DAY 228
Smith enters -- sees JOE -- pulls the knife from his belt, cuts him loose...

JOE
(angrily)
Ya come back? Damn foolish -- get
yerself killed --

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

227

He stands in the corner, rubs his wrists, tries to regain his strength --

JOE
Is it done?

SMITH
I still have Doyle and Hickey --

JOE
You been shot --

228 INT. SWEETWATER HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

228

CAMERA PANS over the broken furniture, bodies... The BIG WALL CLOCK reads 3:50 -- Smith, followed by Joe, walks thru -- he opens his coat, again checking the wound -- the side of his shirt now totally soaked in blood. Eyeing the abandoned THOMPSON, Smith nabs it --

229 EXT. STREET - JERICHO - DAY

229

As Smith and Joe emerge from the Hotel, Smith closes the front doors behind them -- Sheriff Galt approaches --

GALT
Things got awful quiet all of a sudden...
Figured it was time to show my face --

JOE
This fella's hurt... We gotta git 'im
to --

Smith pulls the BUTCHER KNIFE from his belt, stabs the Hotel's front door, then hangs the THOMPSON by the strap --

SMITH
(to Galt)
That's for Hickey -- I need you to give
a message: when he and Doyle get back,
tell 'em I'm out at the roadhouse --

Joe suddenly turns, shuffles quickly toward the Red Bird.

GALT
Slim's? It's all burnt out -- nothin'
left out there...

SMITH
Just tell them...

(CONTINUED)

230

CONTINUED:

230

GALT

Guess you're still gettin' even, for
that Indian girl --

Smith turns, looks off down the street --

SMITH

How long before the Ranger gets here?

GALT

Day after tomorrow.

SMITH

You got time to get things cleaned up.

In the B.G. -- Joe, now wearing A HAT, comes out of the Red
Bird carrying a WHISKEY BOTTLE and Smith's VALISE...

GALT

I'll haul the bodies on out to the
desert, let the coyotes chew on 'em.

(sees the approaching Joe)

You gonna help me, Joe?

JOE

No sir -- I'm goin' with him...

Joe hands the valise to Smith --

SMITH

I don't think so --

Joe's smiles --

JOE

I just wanta see it. I earned it.

On Galt's half-wave, Smith and Joe walk off toward the Gas
Station...

231

EXT. SLIM'S ROADHOUSE - OPEN DESERT - DAY

231

A charred skeleton of its former self. DUST CYCLONES sweep,
as the WIND whistles thru the blackened beams and remaining
burnt columns.

Smith and Joe sit on what's left of the front porch. They
drink from the now half-empty whiskey bottle -- Smith
suddenly looks off --

231 EXT. DESERT ROAD - SLIM'S ROADHOUSE - SMITH'S P.O.V. 231

A black dot on the distant road grows larger as Doyle's touring car approaches...

232 EXT. SLIM'S ROADHOUSE - SMITH AND JOE 232

SMITH

Find a spot -- Hickey sees you, he'll kill you.

No protest from Joe who scurries up into the shell of Slim's. Smith readies a .45 AUTO -- levels down with his right hand...

233 EXT. DESERT - SLIM'S - TOURING CAR 233

The car pulls in -- HICKEY and DOYLE sit inside, looking directly across at Smith. After a moment, they both emerge -- Hickey's long dark coat billows in the wind - he carries the THOMPSON at his side --

DOYLE

I thought you burned up with the rest of them --

Hickey knows he can't raise the Thompson without drawing Smith's fire.

HICKEY

I knew better -- Too easy that way.

DOYLE

I figure you want to talk -- make a deal. I'm here to tell you I'm interested. I got Hickey here under control -- I want to talk about the girl -- I haven't found her -- You know where she is, don't you? We can make a deal --

He steps to the side as Smith walks toward them, .45 leveled.

DOYLE

I'm not wearing a gun.

Smith squares off with Hickey.

SMITH

No deals.

It's between Smith and Hickey now --

(CONTINUED)

233

CONTINUED:

233

SMITH

I usually don't give people chances.

HICKEY

Why me?

SMITH

I want you to think about it when you're dying.

HICKEY

Looks to me like you're the one bleeding.

SMITH

Just nicked a rib -- I'll find a doctor down in Mexico when I'm done with you.

HICKEY

You give me a fair fight, you won't need a doctor.

DOYLE

(desperate, pleading)

HOLD IT! Okay, you win. Run the town with us. I need you.

SMITH

It isn't much of a town anymore.

Doyle slowly walks closer to Smith - who keeps his AUTO trained on Hickey...

DOYLE

It can be. Where there's booze, money, whores -- there're always gonna be customers. You and me, we won this war -- we're survivors...

SMITH

Winning the girl in a card game - it wasn't the luckiest thing that ever happened to you, Doyle.

Doyle stops just a few feet in front of Smith --

DOYLE

You think we can still find her? We can go to Mexico -- she's up there in the mountains, some little village -- she
(more)

(CONTINUED)

233

CONTINUED: (2)

233

DOYLE (cont'd)
had a kid, a little girl... I gotta get
her back -- we can make a deal --

BOOM! Doyle is blasted in the chest -- a killing wound --
Doyle sinks to his knees, stunned -- CAMERA WHIP PANS back
to Old Joe Monday who has emerged from his hiding place -- he
holds his Daddy's .44 DRAGOON PISTOL --

JOE
God damn - I weren't real sure this ol'
gun'd still shoot...

HICKEY
(to Smith)
You gonna have him shoot me too?

JOE
(moving away)
Nossir. I'm all done. Now I'm just
gonna watch.

Smith and Hickey stare at each other for a long moment --
each anticipating the other's next move -- a strange calm
envelops both men....

SMITH
You get the message I left for you --

HICKEY
The one stuck to the hotel door... Yeah.

Hickey slowly drops his Thompson to the ground -- he displays
his unarmed hands and turns his back to Smith --

A moment...

Hickey quickly pulls the hidden .45 from his coat, whirls,
BLASTS! A burnt out column shatters! -- Smith is no longer
there -- Hickey whips around -- Smith - .45 still leveled
down - appears over Hickey's shoulder --

SMITH
You're a hard guy to trust.

Hickey smiles in appreciation -- Both men hold their guns
level --

SMITH
Any more rules to this game?

(CONTINUED)

233

CONTINUED: (3)

233

HICKEY

Just one... You lose.

Hickey swings and FIRES! as -- BOOM!!! -- Smith fires -- hitting Hickey's gun hand -- Hickey bends over in pain -- suddenly springs up -- BOOM! -- Smith's shot tears a hole through his throat... the .45 slips from Hickey's hand, clatters to the earth... Hickey tries to hold the wound closed, blood leaking out between his fingers. He sinks to his knees.

HICKEY

I... I don't need any prayers. I don't want any --

He has raised himself to one elbow... The look on his face is half-mad --

HICKEY

I'll be in hell... waitin' for you --

He dies -- Smith turns back to Joe...

SMITH

(eyeing the Dragoon)
You didn't tell me you were bringin' that --

Joe kicks Doyle over, bends to pull something from his hand -- holds it up to Smith -- a .25 CALIBRE TWO-SHOT DERRINGER --

JOE

Wasn't much of a damn town, but he ruined what was left...

Smith takes a wad of cash from his coat pocket, proffers it --

SMITH

I'm buying your bar... Go live with your sister in California.

JOE

Hell, I ain't no charity case --

SMITH

(roaring)
Take it!

Almost in terror, Joe accepts.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED: (4)

233

SMITH

(re: the touring car)

Looks like you got yourself a nice new car. You know how to drive?

JOE

I can learn.

Joe has one last look at Doyle -- A glimmer from Doyle's breast pocket catches Joe's eye -- he reaches for it -- Felina's SILVER CROSS - hands it to Smith --

SMITH

(smiles, pockets the cross)

See ya around...

Smith walks off toward his Ford -- Joe laughing as he climbs into the touring car, sits proudly behind the wheel -- In the B.G., Smith gets in his Ford -- drives off --

234 EXT. VAST DESERT - DAY

234

Smith's Ford a small dot on the horizon --

235 INT. ROADSTER - CLOSE - SMITH - DAY

235

As he drives, a man with no specific destination.

236 EXT. VAST DESERT - DAY

236

Smith's car disappears into the landscape trailing a vapor of dust that goes amber in the afternoon sun.

END